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The Comical Cure-All



≡ Merry * Medicaments ≡

• FOR USE •

IN ALL BRANCHES OF THE MEDIC AND CHIRURGIC ART.

Designed for Physicians as well as their Patients.

Anton Bicker

"HE WHO LAUGHS, LIVES."

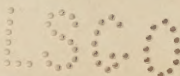
"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Prov. XVII, 22.

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PREFACE.

FRIENDLY reader, do not think for a moment that we are about to make fun of the Faculty or to join the assinine array of addlepaters who pooh-pooh physicians and their remedies. We remember too well the experience of a citizen in a small town in a Western State, who spent his time arguing for atheism and ridiculing physicians. One day this individual was taken with cholera-morbus, that Queen of Terrors (Death has monopolized the Kingship of terrors, but cholera-morbus is near enough to old rattlebones to be called his queen).

Writhing and twisting, howling and groaning, he repudiated his former evil course in this exclamation, which though brief was sufficient: "God help me! Send for the Doctor!"

Our aim is simply to let the gentle light of humor fall on some of the odd happenings with which every physician's life is plentifully strewn; to show some of the eccentricities and mayhap stupidities of patients.

A man once saved the life of a celebrated emperor by causing him to laugh, the effort of laughing bringing about the bursting of an internal abscess, which, had it not been thus evacuated, must certainly have ended fatally. *verb. sap.*

In our title of "CURE-ALL," we must not be misunderstood. Our meaning is, that the "Comical Cure-All" will cure those cases where the disease consists of an atrophied condition of the cachinnatory nerve.

Of course the theory of humors has gone the way of many other medical theories, but as a sop to our homœopathic friends, let us say, "may good humor remove bad 'humors,' and thus the *Similia similibus*, etc., be established."



In this disease, gentlemen, we make use of two remedies,
and these — have no effect.

“Give your husband these pills, but only when he is sober.”
“In that case, I am afraid he will not be able to take many.”

MALZPANTSCHER, a student of medicine, has attended twelve courses of lectures. At the end of each of the last six courses he has had an attack of what might be called Examination Horrors. He feels at length that he *must* overcome his fears, hence, presents himself (after screwing his courage to the sticking point) before the examiners. He plunges his hand boldly into the collection of subjects for theses, and draws for his prize, "The Liver."



After much work the following is brought forth :

"A ligament stretches between the Lung (*pulmo*) and the Liver (*hepar seu jecur*). It lies beneath the ribs on the right side (*hypochondrium*)—" and here ends the tale. Failure resulted from this brilliant effort.

The next year our Candidate again presented himself in the firm belief that the Liver would not again come uppermost, hence with no more knowledge concerning that important organ, than he possessed at his first trial. Alas!—Oh fate! how stern are thy decrees! Again he drew forth as his subject,



"The Liver," and thus he writes: "The liver (*hepar seu jecur*) is still to be found in the right hypochondrium and a fig for your medical clap-trap! I toss it to the winds and shall become what my father is,



'A BEER BREWER.'

"Professor, I desire to consult you regarding my studies. I think, I shall take up the course in Physiology."

"But, my dear sir, Physiology is a subject of so great importance, you will have to hear the course twice, so I advise you not to hear it the first time."



PHYSICIAN:—"If you wish to have your eyes restored, you must give up this excessive drinking."

PATIENT:—"Never! Never! Why should I risk the whole house for the sake of two poor windows?"

PHYSICIAN:—"You must be very careful in your diet. Eat nothing greasy or sour; drink no wine nor beer."

PATIENT:—"Hold! Doctor. If I did all that, I could get well without you. I wish to eat and drink just what I please, and it is for your skill to cure me, notwithstanding. If you can not do this, I have no use for you or any of your ilk."



DOCTOR:—"What do you want? Is there anything the matter with you?"

PATIENT:—"Certainly there is, but I see at once, you can't help me!"

PROFESSOR:—(To the students at work in the dissecting room.)
"You will now lay down your knives, gentlemen, and take up your fingers for this work."

PHYSICIAN:—"You must get a thermometer in order to have the proper temperature for the baby's bath."

NURSE:—"Bah! What use have we for a thermometer?"

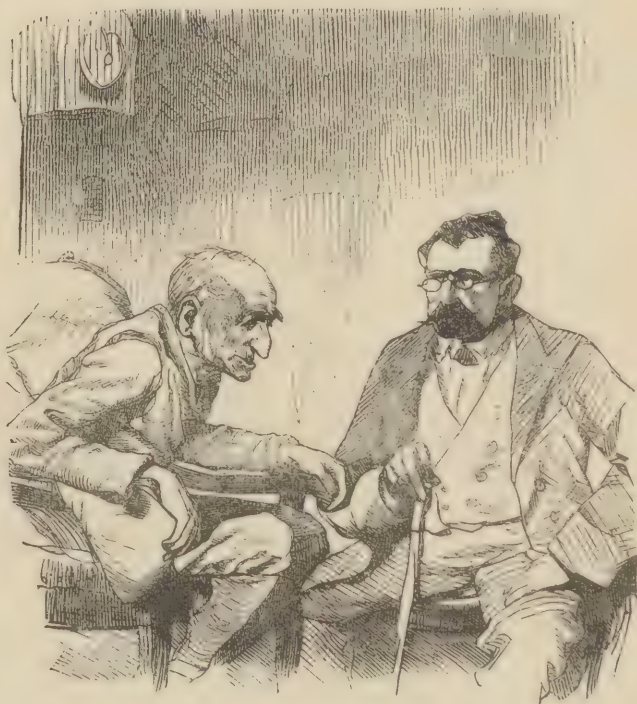


When the child becomes blue, the water is too cold,



and when the child becomes red, the water is too hot.

“How would you expose a malingeringer who refused to work?”
“By offering him ten dollars for a day’s work.”



OLD AVARICE:—“You say, Doctor, there is no hope for me; if that is the case I should like to die before New Year, if you can arrange it so.”

DOCTOR:—“My dear Sir! what can be your object?”

OLD AVARICE:—“Well, you see, if I can die before New Year, it will save me quite a considerable amount, which I would otherwise be obliged to spend in observing the usual festivities of that occasion.”

PATIENT :— "I am so full when I eat."

DOCTOR — "And I, when I drink ; so take comfort."



IMMORTAL :— In New York there lives a man who can not die. He has such a long and hooked nose, that every time he breathes his last breath through his mouth, it is caught by the extremity of his nose, "switched" back into the nostrils and by constantly making this circuit, the breath never leaves his body.

PROFESSOR:—"Gentlemen: I begin to-day my course of lectures on the diseases of mankind:

"When a man is sick, nature and disease are in combat with each other:—The physician comes along and boldly enters the conflict; if his blow strikes the disease, the patient recovers; if on the other hand, it should strike nature, the patient dies."



"Give me a quarter's worth of cyanide of potash!"

"Are you a photographer?"

"No Sir!—I am a *suicide*!"



“Doctor, I have the medicine as you ordered, but I forgot to ask you something — may I eat apple dumplings with it?”

An old countryman came to Dr. Leek, in Hanover, to collect five thalers which the doctor had borrowed some time before. “My good friend,” said the Doctor, “I am not prepared to pay you to-day, but in four weeks I will bring it to you.” “No! no,” said the countryman, “to-morrow it will be two years since you borrowed the money, and then the debt will be outlawed, so that it must be settled to-day.” In vain the Doctor pleaded for time; the creditor was persistent, although he saw he would get no money. At length the countryman said: “Bleed me from the right arm.”



"With the greatest pleasure," replied the physician and made the operation. "Now from the left arm," said the countryman. This was done, after which he had twenty-four leeches placed on his back, and at the earnest recommendation of the physician twelve more on his face. "Now," said the creditor, "We are quits." "No," said the Doctor, "That makes only four thalers—I still owe you one thaler. It costs half a thaler to have a tooth drawn. Suppose you let me draw two teeth, which will make the account exactly square." For a long time the countryman cogitated over the proposition, but at length his cupidity got the better of him, and he permitted the Doctor to draw two sound front teeth, and then departed with a light heart and the knowledge of having got rid of a matter which had been weighing on his mind.



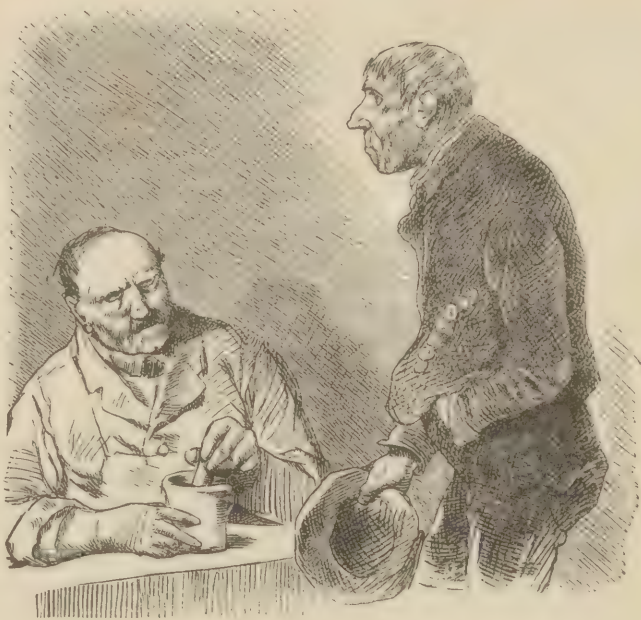
PHYSICIAN:—“How are your eyes? Did my medicine have any effect?”

OLD LADY:—“You told me to bathe my eyes each day with a small glass of brandy. That is a hard matter for me.



I have never been able to get the brandy higher than my mouth, as soon as it gets that far, bang! it's gone. You must order me something else, Doctor."

A patient drops his medicine very exactly, whereupon the physician claps him on the shoulder and says:—“Ah! that's nice, I like to see such a man as you—sick.”



APOTHECARY:— "Well! what do you want, Bauer?"

BAUER:— "They still live."

APOTHECARY:— "Who still live?"

BAUER:— "The rats! your poison did no good."

APOTHECARY:— (impatient) "Nonsense! in that case you certainly did not use it as I directed. Did you spread it on fresh bread?"

BAUER:— "Yes!"

APOTHECARY:— "With a wooden spoon?"

BAUER:— "Yes!"

APOTHECARY:— (very impatient) "And then laid it before their holes?"

BAUER:— "Yes!"

APOTHECARY:— "In a dry place?"

BAUER:— "Yes!"

APOTHECARY:— "And the rats would not eat it?"

BAUER:— "They would not."



APOTHECARY:— "Thunder and lightning! then there is nothing good for your rats. Their appetite is too delicate."

PROFESSOR:— "What is the characteristic appearance in unilateral facial paralysis?"

CANDIDATE:— (hesitates.)

PROFESSOR:— "Supposing such a patient laughs, what is there peculiar in his face?"

CANDIDATE:— (still puzzled.)

PROFESSOR:— (*impatiently.*) "Let me see you laugh like a man who has unilateral facial paralysis."

PHYSICIAN:— (Operating on the finger of a toothless old woman).
"Grit your teeth, and it won't hurt so much."

(Professor of Therapeutics, surrounded by his students, stops at the bedside of a patient suffering from delirium tremens and asks him what his occupation is:)

PATIENT: — "Musician."

PROFESSOR: — "It is a fact, gentlemen, that the use of wind instruments causes such a dryness in the throat, that those who play upon these instruments find it necessary to drink a great deal—preferring, naturally, alcoholic drinks—in order to continue their work. The result of excess in this direction we see in the disease now before us! What instrument do you play, my good man?"

PATIENT: — (Feebly) "Violincello."



"Well! What did that homoeopath accomplish whom you had after me?"

"Thanks! Under his treatment my wife has gently passed away. Had you done as well, I would not have employed another doctor."



PROFESSOR :—“ Let me call your attention, gentlemen, to the purring murmur in the left side of the breast in this patient, as it is a very important diagnostic point.”

WOMAN :—“ Excuse me, Professor, that is our pet dog :— He often creeps under the cover, beside my husband ; he makes that noise when he sleeps.”

PROFESSOR :—“ You may praise God for your good fortune, my dear woman, for were it *not* the dog, your husband would be irretrievably lost.”

“ GENTLEMEN, statistics will show that in our city in the last month more male children were born than females ; on the other hand, in the same period of time, more females were married than males.”



(An old lady brings to the druggist a prescription in which arsenic is one of the ingredients; the druggist is engaged in carefully weighing the poison.)

OLD LADY :— "Don't be so stingy! the medicine is for a poor orphan girl."

ASSISTANT PHYSICIAN :— "Professor, as the inflammatory action was high and something was necessary at once, I applied thirty leeches to the abdomen of this patient."

PROFESSOR :— "Quite right young man, yet in order to obviate the danger of plastic exudation on the intestines with consequent adhesions to the abdominal walls and diaphragm, you have not attacked the disease with sufficient energy. Apply one leech more."

STUDENT:— "Why is it, Professor, that God put no bones in the belly?"

PROFESSOR:— "My dear sir, God has managed this as he has everything else with a proper end in view. If the belly contained bones, dropsy could not develop to any appreciable amount."



"John, my tongue is heavily coated, isn't it?"

"Yes indeed, your highness — look here, your highness — this is how a nice healthy tongue should look, your highness."

LADY:—“I am very sick, Doctor.”

DOCTOR:—“Rest, is all I need order you, dear Madame.”

LADY:—“Indeed! Nothing else? And I am so sick—just look at my tongue.”

DOCTOR:—“The tongue is all right. It needs only rest, just as your body in general, Madame.”



DOCTOR:—“What do you want? Are you sick?”

BOY:—“My father sends his compliments, and m—m—m—may I vomit?”

PHYSICIAN:—(To patient with disease of the eye) “Everything looks to you as if it were in a cloud—befogged as it were—is it not so—? Now look at me.”

PATIENT:—“Yes!—just so—you appear quite befogged.”

WOMAN: — "Come quickly, Doctor! my little Annie is in great danger. You know I had one of those cases of Homoeopathic Remedies, containing twenty-five different vials of pills, and the poor child has eaten them all."

DOCTOR: — "Has she eaten the bottles?"

WOMAN: — "No, only the pills."

DOCTOR: — "Your fears are groundless. Nothing will happen."



Les Extrêmes se Douchent.

(Extremes douche.)



“I am such an unlucky devil, that had I been a dentist, everybody would have been furnished with a bill like that, and men’s teeth would be as scarce as hens’ teeth.”

PROFESSOR : — “What illusions has a patient suffering from delirium tremens?”

STUDENT : — (hesitates.)

PROFESSOR : — “Pshaw! he sees rats, mice, cab-drivers, police, soldiers, and other animals.”

“Gentlemen, let me impress on you to use every precaution against contracting the disease when you are treating either consumption, typhoid fever or child-bed fever.”

PHYSICIAN: — (To colleague in consultation). "Now my idea is, the next thing to be done is, to get rid of this high fever and thirst"—

PATIENT:—"Just get me rid of the fever gentlemen, and I'll take care of the thirst myself."

DOCTOR:—"I think, my lady, your trouble is due to the variations of the barometer."

PATIENT:—"Then I shall have the annoying thing removed from the room at once."



"Have you cold feet at night?"

Oh yes, sometimes—when I put my legs out of the bed, or become uncovered."

PROFESSOR :— “How is it about your sleep at night, my good man?”—

PATIENT :— “I can not sleep a wink the whole night through.”

PROFESSOR :— “Don't you get even an hour's sleep? How do you account for this remarkable wakefulness?”

PATIENT :— “Why, I am a Night Watchman.”



“I can't see why people are so stupid as to believe snuff to be a good remedy for sore eyes. I have applied it several times and it burns like the old Harry.”



“Do you think oysters are healthy, Doctor?”

“Certainly they are? At least in the course of my extended and varied experience in practice I never had one under my charge.

PHYSICIAN: — “What is your boy doing over there?”

MOTHER: — “He is throwing the medicine you prescribed for him out of the window.”

PHYSICIAN: — “My son, you seem to have cast a penetrating glance into the nature of medical science.”

“Gentlemen, we have occupied ourselves sufficiently with the external form and structure of the stomach, we shall now pass into its interior.”



Doctor, I know I am about to die. I want to ask you one thing; can you tell me any way to avoid the funeral expenses?"

"Ahem! You might get well, that would be one way; or—you might call on the hangman."

(Encouraging Indication)

DOCTOR:— "Well how is your wife this morning?"

HUSBAND:— Oh! much better. She ate a cup of bouillon and then—took the cup and threw it at the head of the servant girl."

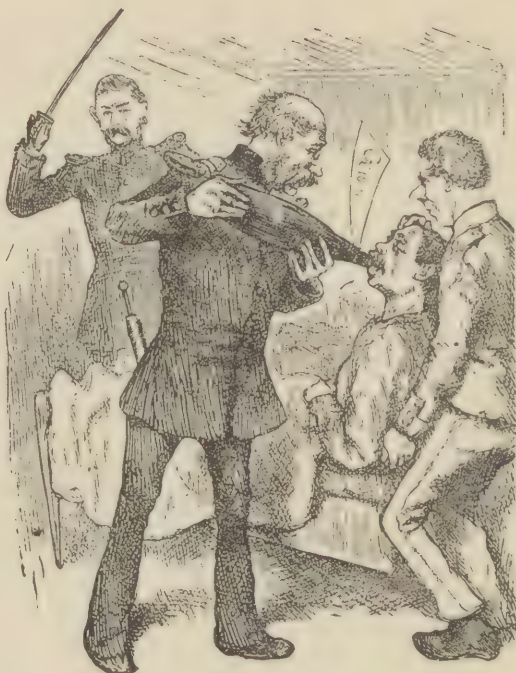


POOR-DOCTOR:—“I have ordered you some medicine ; take a tablespoonful of it every hour, and be very careful to take it at the exact time, and in the exact quantity prescribed.”

PATIENT:—“Won’t you please, Doctor, order me at the same time a clock and a tablespoon, so that I may surely make no mistake.”

DOCTOR:—“You cough with much greater ease this morning.”

PATIENT:—“I ought to ; I have been practicing all night.”



“Why do so many die in the military hospitals?”

“Well, you see, the poor devils of soldiers are obliged to take all the doctors order.”

“Well, how are you?”

“Not as well as yesterday, Doctor.”

“Have you committed some dietetic error? If so, tell me, out with the truth!”

“I believe, I have, Doctor. You told me I might have a little soup, some vegetables, and a piece of broiled steak; well—the broiled steak—I did not eat.”

"Gentlemen, offering you my heartiest wishes for the New Year, I turn to the viscera and lay before you the stomach of a whisky-drinker."



"I can't conceive how you can be so silly as to have this great savage lubber of a dog about you all the time.

"He deserves every attention from me; he saved my life."

"How was that? Did he drag you out of the water or drive off some robber?"

"No! no! I'll tell you. At one time, I was so sick that there was no hope of my recovery. This noble dog crouched at the foot of my bed and by his fierce appearance, kept the doctor from approaching me."

DOCTOR: — "Take a bath! It will be sure to help you."

PATIENT: — "How does a person take a bath?"



“For four weeks I lay in the hospital, and then received orders to go home and recuperate. I arrived yesterday. Last night I began to recuperate with some old friends at the tavern and—here I am.”

“Doctor, I feel awful bad. I had a high fever the whole night.”

“Good! good! Fever is an effort on the part of nature, to throw off disease. I shall now order you something which will make you feel still worse, and when that acts, we shall see what can be done.”



"Long, a student lay very sick with typhoid fever. His friends nursed him, taking him in charge turn about, every three hours. At midnight, Klein, takes the patient in hand. His predecessor whispers to him: "Give him the medicine if you can, the doctor says his life depends upon it. I tried many times to give it to him, but every time he knocked the spoon out of my hand. Poor fellow! I fear there is no hope for him."

Klein, being alone with the patient, attempted to administer the medicine, but every time the spoon was brought near the mouth of the sufferer, he struck it violently away. The amateur nurse was almost in despair, when a bright idea seized him.

"Brother," he exclaimed, "I drink your health."

"I'm with you," gurgled the sick man as he emptied the spoon.

His life was saved.

DOCTOR:—“What ails you?”

PATIENT:—“Sleep, no sleep.”

DOCTOR:—“What is your manner of living?”

PATIENT:—“I work like an ox, eat like a wolf, at night I am tired as a dog, but can not sleep.”

DOCTOR:—“I think you had better go to a veterinary surgeon.”



In the outermost confines of Turkey there lived a very old Pasha, who was famed far and wide for the able manner in which he governed his people, and succeeded at the same time in filling his coffers.

This Pasha had a son-in-law whom he loved above everything else, and whom he desired as a successor. One day he called this son-in-law and told him what plans he had laid with reference to the succession. The son-in-law became

sorrowful and told the old ruler that he felt utterly incompetent to undertake the task of governing, especially after the rule of such a famous Pasha. Still, he continued, if his father-in-law would give him the necessary guidance; would tell him the rules of state-craft by which he had so nobly governed; he would attempt the difficult task.

Said the old Pasha: "How I would like to give you these instructions, my dear son-in-law, but death claims me, and my breath fails me, and I must perforce content myself with relating to you the following short story, which amply illustrates, how a wise man proceeds, and how a fool goes to work."

THE STORY.

Far away from here, in Frankistan, there is a beautiful country, supplied in every way by nature; the soil being fertile; the earth teeming with fruits; the rivers full of fish; and the hills containing valuable ores. The inhabitants of this country are rich; and as the climate is good, they are healthy, so that they have little use for physicians. Indeed you have to go a long distance before you reach a physician, and the practice of medicine, which in many countries is very lucrative, is here of little money-value to its followers. In a certain district of this happy land, there lived a physician, who had by his good sense reached such a business, that the help of an assistant was necessary in his practice. For though, as I have said the people were as a rule healthy, yet accidents were of frequent occurrence, especially in the wooded country, near which the physician lived.

One day as he was engaged in the relaxing task of sharpening a razor, there approached him with slow and painful footsteps a native of the country, who carried with him a basket containing a few fish. He laid the basket of fish on the table, and turning to the physician said:

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

"What can I do for you?"

"Oh, Doctor, I am suffering torments, I must have stepped on something which has run into my foot. Here is the place, just where my finger is, right here on the sole, I can't see it myself, do look!"

"We shall soon see," said the Doctor, and began to unwind the bandages which surrounded the foot. When the injured place came into view, the Doctor discovered a thorn deeply imbedded in the flesh, and surrounded by matter.



The Doctor, with his thumb, presses the thorn still further into the flesh, and in order to secure it places over it a plaster. Then he says to the patient:

"You have a very bad foot, but things will come about all right. Come again in eight days."

The patient groaning with pain limped home.

After eight days had passed away, the patient again presented himself; his face drawn with suffering; and laid upon the table of the physician two fat hens.

The Doctor removed the bandages, pressed the thorn still further into the flesh, and placed over the wound a larger plaster.



"There, that will do for this time. Come again in eight days."

The pain increases, and the patient can hardly await the time until he shall again visit his physician.

Punctually, at the appointed time, he is at the physician's house, his face showing the marks of intense agony, and bearing in his hand a hare and a half-dozen quails.

"I can stand it no longer," he cries, "I haven't slept a wink since I was here, and sometimes my pain is so great, I scream, that you could hear me a mile."

"Yes, yes!" says the Doctor, "Such a foot is a tedious matter," after which he presses the thorn still further into the flesh, and applies a still larger plaster to keep it from extruding.



"Cheer up! Come in eight days," he says as the patient leaves. "Things are coming on! Things are coming on!"

The patient limps home, giving utterance at every step to a cry of agony.

His pain became so great that he could not wait until the eight days had transpired, but came several days earlier. The physician had been called to a neighboring village, and had left in charge of his practice his assistant.



When the physician returned and after divesting himself of his coat, had settled down to a comfortable smoke, he turned to his assistant and inquired :

"Anything come in while I was gone?"

"No."

"No one here?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Who?"

"Only a poor farmer."

"What did he want?"

"He brought two lambs with him. I put them in the barn-yard."

"Two lambs! Why, what did he want?"

"He had a thorn in his foot and I took it out. How he must have suffered, poor devil, the foot looked awful. No sooner had I removed the thorn than his pain was gone, and he danced about like a child."



"O fool! Oh, you miserable ass!" roared the physician as he administered a box on the ear to his worthy assistant. "Idiot! Imbecile! Don't you know that had you let the thorn alone, I might have gotten all he had in his house, and sent him a nice account besides?" — — —

"Learn from this story," said the dying Pasha, "how to guard your own interests; learn to be careful not to lose through the carelessness or dishonesty of your assistants. Extract from this short history the essence of wisdom which it contains, and you will govern well in every way."



OFFICER:—"Whenever one wishes to show that he is unfit for the service by reason of disease, defect or deformity, he must strip sir, strip to the skin."

CONSCRIPT:—"But I have nothing the matter except this eye trouble."

OFFICER:—"No difference—off with your clothes!"

PROFESSOR :— “What things are associated together in the idea of disease?”

STUDENT :— “A patient and a physician.”

“Can unconsciousness be produced by any other means than chloroform and ether?” “Yes, sir; by a violent blow on the head.”



PHYSICIAN :— (soothingly) “I wouldn't mind the headache if I were you.”

PATIENT :— “Nor I, if I were you.”



PROFESSOR:—“What would you do, young man, should you receive a patient with such a disease as this?”

STUDENT:—“I would send for you, professor.”

“Mr. Wolf, how do you do?”

“I shall soon do no more.”

“Why? How old are you?”

“I am 77.”

“Pshaw! you might reach 80.”

“How so? Do you think the good God would take me at 80, when he can get me at 77!”



HANS : — "Michael, where are you going in such a hurry?"

MICHAEL : — "I'm going to the Doctor, my cow is sick."

HANS : — "Isn't your wife sick, too?"

MICHAEL : — "Oh, yes! but we'll cure her ourselves."

PATIENT : — "Doctor, I believe my lung is out of order."

DOCTOR : — (after examination) Go home and put your mind at ease. Your lung will hold out as long as you live."

MOTHER : — (to daughter) "Now Marie, hold yourself quite erect and straight, so that the Doctor can see how crooked you are."

PHYSICIAN :—“Have you any appetite?”

WOMAN :— (with a simper) “If you’ve brought anything with you, I might force myself to eat a little.”



“Now if one of my friends would only take the fever!
I have ten pills left.”

HOW DR. MEDIAN, A BALTIMORE SURGEON, CURES
RHEUMATISM.

Dr. Median rigs himself up in the semblance of the most devilish-looking creature he can imagine: then in the middle



of the night he slips into the sleeping-room of his patient.

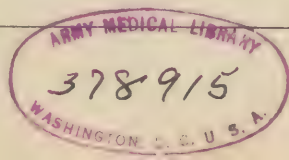
The patient's hair rises on end with horror at the sight of this strange object and the rheumatism is driven from all parts of the body into the erected hair. Now comes the favorable moment for the Doctor.



Casting aside his masquerade costume, he whips out a large pair of scissors and rapidly cuts off the patient's hair, taking with it of course the rheumatism.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

Try in succession all the old women's remedies you know or can hear of through your friends, neighbors, relations and business connections. Your toothache will have disappeared before you have exhausted the list. Note well the remedy you were using at the time the toothache ceased.



“How do you treat your patients, Doctor, allopathically or homœopathically?”

“I treat them like dogs and that’s the best way.”



DOCTOR :— “I can not find anything wrong with you, my friend.”

BOOTMAKER :— “No, there is nothing the matter with me, but you have so much work done at my shop during the year that I thought to myself it would be only right to call in the Doctor and give him an opportunity to earn something ”



"What do you think of the new remedy, Doctor?"

"It is splendid! but you must take it at once, for in four weeks it will be no longer efficacious."

"You have a physician for the poor in this district, why then, did you make me come this long distance from the city, knowing you had not the means with which to pay me?"

"Excuse me, doctor! I knew I could pay nothing so I said to myself, as you can pay nothing, you might as well have a good physician for nothing as a poor one."



"My dear Mrs. B., why don't you try homœopathy?"

"Because I respect that practice very highly and I do not wish to have my opinion changed."

MAN OF THE PEOPLE: — "Now Doctor, I have recovered so far, I would like to ask you to furnish me with a new suit of clothes, and to loan me a few dollars in order that I may circulate among my friends with a decent appearance."

DOCTOR: — "Well, if this does not pass the bounds of the most triumphant impudence! After treating you all this time without receiving a cent, or having any prospect of pay, I must furnish your wardrobe and fill your pocket-book with convenient cash. Now you get out of here quick, or I'll call my man and have you kicked out."

MAN OF THE PEOPLE: — (with an exhibition of majestic grief) "Indeed! and this is the thanks I receive for placing myself under your treatment."



"Now we shall see if the medicine will do any good. The label says "to shake each time before taking." Now look out Joseph, and when you think we have shaken father enough, we will give him a spoonful."

"Doctor, you must do something to relieve my wife of the terrible headache from which she suffers. Her condition is really fearful, and at times drives me almost to distraction."

"Nothing simpler! Buy your wife a new silk dress; take a box at the opera; take her out riding every day in the nicest carriage you can find, and I will wager you shall hear nothing more of the headache."

The plan was tried and its success was immediate.

When Doctor Sharp has a merchant as a patient and he desires to produce a profuse perspiration, he is accustomed, after other means have failed, to call in the merchant's book-keeper and to request him to read off a true list of the liabilities.



This procedure never fails as a sudorific.

NURSE : — (enters the barrack rooms of the surgeons)

“A soldier has just been brought into the hospital who was found frozen this morning.”

SURGEON : — “What’s his name?”

NURSE : — “I don’t know.”

SURGEON : — “But I must enter him in the books and —

NURSE : — “Doctor, the man is quite dead.”

SURGEON : — “Stupid! What’s the difference, he must be entered as admitted and discharged. My orders are to make an entry for every man, and put him at once under treatment, and the senior surgeon will give any further necessary orders. Heavens! what a row would be kicked up if a dead man were admitted to this hospital without being entered, and placed at once under treatment.”

AN OSTEOLOGICAL ERROR.

AUGUSTA:—“To be servant to such a doctor is too much for me. Every morning he has his bones lying all about the floor.”

LIZZIE:—“Gracious goodness! You don't mean to say that he takes himself apart at night?”



DANGEROUS SYMPTOM.

“You have come at the right time, Doctor, my wife is again in delirium. She has been calling for me for the last half hour, and that she never did before.”

A REMARKABLE DISEASE.

VISITOR:—“My good woman, your son looks very, very ill. You should call in a physician at once.”

WOMAN:—“Tut! Tut! I know, I know! I’ve heard that in this disease, medicine does more harm than good.”

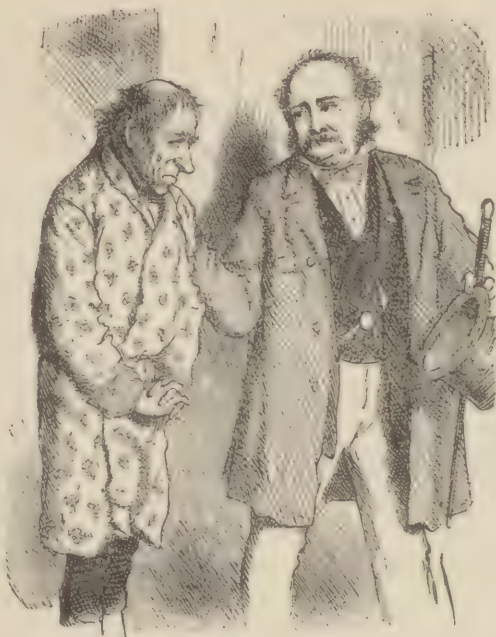
VISITOR:—“What is his disease?”

WOMAN:—“If I only knew, I would tell you.”



“What sort of a youngster is that you have there?”

“Sh—sh! This is my wife. Not long ago she bought a medicine, the “Renewer of Youth,” and with her usual impatience, she drank the whole bottle at a sitting, and here is the result.”



“It pains me greatly to have to communicate this sad message, but in the case of your wife you must prepare yourself to endure the worst.”

“Do you think then, Doctor, there is any chance for her recovery?”

“Good morning, neighbor! how are you? Have you washed your feet with whisky as the doctor ordered?”

“Oh, yes! but the doctor did not understand. The disease is internal, so I drank the whisky, and now I am quite well.”

DOCTOR : — “You are a shrewd man, neighbor, I see you get gravestones and monuments ready for your customers long before they die. But there is an end even to your enterprise, for you can not put in the names until the grim destroyer has made his visit.”

SCULPTOR : — “True, with one exception, Doctor. When you take charge of a case, I insert the names at once.”

“The sympathetic influence between my wife and myself is remarkable. Yesterday I drank some new beer, and to-day my wife has griping pains in her stomach.”



“What on earth are you doing with yourself, Peter?”

“I have had headache for two days and the Doctor has ordered me to take hot foot baths.”



MINISTER:—“Have patience! Keep your mind at ease, my good woman! All will be right.”

OLD WOMAN:—(at death's door) “Yes, yes, my good sir, but I can't see what I've done to deserve such a fate. Some people die so easily, but me it almost kills.”

“Doctor, I will not let you go into the church.”

“And why not?”

“They are praying for their daily bread, and if your prayer is granted we must all be sick, for without sickness, where would be your daily bread.”



Boy :— (to the Doctor who is at his game of cards) “Come quickly, Doctor, my father has swallowed a bone and is about to choke to death on it.”

DOCTOR :— Run along, my boy, I shall soon be there.
(Half hour later)

THE DOCTOR'S COMPANION :— “But why, Doctor, do you not go to your patient?”

DOCTOR :— “Well, I'll tell you why. To Ishkam is an hour's journey. It took the boy that long to reach here, it will take me that long to get there. If his father has not choked to death in two hours he never will, if, on the contrary, he has choked to death, of what use am I? Either way my services are not required.”

“In your complaint, my dear madam, no remedy will accomplish anything—I can not make you young again.”

“Very well! then make me old.”

PATIENT:— "When can I see the Doctor alone?"

SERVANT:— "Come during his office hour, between two and three o'clock. There is never anyone here then."



PHYSICIAN:— "My good woman, your husband is in the greatest peril—his hands and arms are quite red—he has the scarlet fever in the most malignant form."

WOMAN:— "Doctor, my husband is a dyer and has been dyeing red to-day."

PHYSICIAN:— "H'm, hum, ahem! If that is the case, perhaps I may yet be able to save him."

"My dear little wife, I am just called to a very sick man and must be off at once."

"Dear, dear husband, let the poor man go to-day—give him a chance for his life—and remain with me."



"You are indeed a good master to take the trouble to administer the medicine to your sick servant yourself. Such employers are not to be found everywhere."

"I'll tell you! The medicine is so infernally bitter that it's funnier than a pantomime to see the faces the poor devil makes when he has to take it."



PATIENT:—“Stop! Stop! For goodness’ sake stop, Doctor, or you will kill me with your water cure.”

DOCTOR:—“That’s nothing—that’s healthy.”

"Did you give your wife the buttermilk as I ordered yesterday?"



"No! it was too sour for her, so I put some sugar in it, and drank it myself."

"Yes, my hearers, we must be prepared at any moment to die; for death can not be avoided, indeed one may say, it is almost certain."

No one tries to help a watchmaker fix a watch, but every one intrudes his services to help a doctor cure his patient. Strange to say, none of the volunteer assistants wish to divide with the physician the responsibility when the patient dies.

PHYSICIAN :— " Nothing remains for us to do, my dear lady, except to nourish little Edgar with goat's milk. You must as soon as possible obtain a goat."



(Next day.)

PHYSICIAN :— " But! indeed! How is this. A goat can never be a wet nurse."

LADY :— " How so?"

FIRST PHYSICIAN :— " I hear you operated on old Mr. B. the other day. Do you think it will do him any good."

SECOND PHYSICIAN :— " Good? Not a bit."

FIRST PHYSICIAN :— " Why did you operate then?"

SECOND PHYSICIAN :— " Great heavens! one must do something to divert a patient now and then."

(Physicians in consultation.)

DR. A :—“Why do you insist upon iron in this case? It seems to me quinine is indicated.”

DR. B:—“Oh, just for a change. I’ve ordered about two ounces of quinine to-day.

LADY:—(who has been suffering from a violent neuralgia.) Doctor, I am greatly indebted to you for this visit at so late an hour.

DOCTOR:—(with a mercenary motive,) So you are.



PHYSICIAN :—“Well, how do you feel?”

PATIENT :—“I have a very good appetite.”

PHYSICIAN :—“Good! (writing a prescription) we shall soon change all that.”



UNPROFESSIONAL CONDUCT :— My dear doctor, you have treated me most shabbily. When I left my practice in your hands on my departure, I left you a number of patients whom I had had in charge, some for years; and now I find that you have cured them all. Such conduct indicates inexperience and an ignorance of the fundamental principles of our art.

“Husband, our Harry is so little, puny and weak. Don't you think we had better speak to the doctor about him?”

“I have done so, my dear, and the doctor says it's because of his growing so rapidly.”

1ST DOCTOR :— “How goes it, Doctor?”

2ND DOCTOR :— “Oh, so, so! I was disturbed five times last night.”

1ST DOCTOR :— “Why didn't you get some insect powder?”

“Do you know, Annie, that Mrs. Jones is very sick. The Doctor says she has broken a false rib.”

“Serves her right. Why does she wear false things!”



FORCE OF HABIT.

DENTIST :—(who was formerly a photographer) "Now, madam, put on a pleasing expression, if you please."

(Why the Baroness X. discharged her old physician, Doctor Physelmayer, and engaged Doctor Simmelmayer.)

DOCTOR PHYSELMAYER :— "Apply a mustard plaster as large as your hand. Nothing more is necessary."

DOCTOR SIMMELMAYER :— "Permit me to recommend the application of a mustard plaster as small as your hand, nothing more is required."

Dr. Schluckmeier sat in a wine house in heavy meditation after large potations. Suddenly he was called to a patient dangerously sick. He went reluctantly. His patient was a postillion who had been taken with a severe fever. The Doctor ordered leeches to his legs, and as the wife of the patient seemed to know nothing of the matter, he remained and applied the leeches himself. Strange to say the leeches would not take hold, and after fifteen minutes of patient effort the doctor was about to give the matter up. At this crisis the wife of the patient who had been watching the operation with the closest attention, spoke up, saying:



“Doctor, would it not be well to take off his leather breeches first?”

(At a Lunatic Asylum.)

“Good morning, Superintendent. I feel myself out of order in my head and desire to be taken into your institution.”

“Go to the devil, man! You must be crazy!”



FARMER :— "Doctor, my wife and I are possessed of a devil. Can you cure us? We hear you have made many wonderful cures."

DOCTOR :— "What kind of a devil is it?"

FARMER :— "It is a pounding-devil. It makes us pound and knock at everything, even each other, for which we are afterwards very sorry."

DOCTOR :— (Makes the sign of the cross three times and then says) "Pounding devil! Devil of strife and discord, begone! Out with you! That is the first portion of the cure; now I shall give you something to take. (The doctor brings forth a bottle of river water, and after handing it to the patient, continues thus:) When you feel the devil working in you let the one who did not begin the pounding and scolding take this medicine, go outside of the room, the other



remaining in the room. After just exactly ten minutes have passed, the one who left the room comes back and counts out just exactly twenty-seven drops of the medicine into a spoon and gives it to the other, after which, the one who has taken the medicine takes bottle and spoon and drops carefully the same amount which is then to be given to the other. After



this is done, take hold of each other by the right hand and remain so sitting for awhile. The most important direction comes last, all this time not a word must be spoken or the medicine will not do its work."



Three months later the farmer and his wife called on the doctor and after making him a present of a fine ham, said : "Doctor, we came to tell you how glad we are, and what a fine cure you made of our terrible sickness."

SURE CURE FOR MOSQUITOS.

Four ounces oil of cloves, two ounces oil of peppermint, eight ounces Persian powder, four ounces gum camphor ; mix. The preparation is warranted to drive a mosquito out of the room. If it fails, hit him with a wet towel.

"Who's there?"

"I am."

"What do you want?"

"I wan't Dr. Pyx."

"I am Dr. Pyx."

"Come at once to Mr. Hunger's at No. 17 Stark street, in the 4th story. Don't forget to take some matches with you or you may fall down stairs and break your neck."

"Who's sick?"

"Mrs. Hunger."

"How long has she been sick?"

"About nine weeks."

"Has she had no doctor?"

"Oh, yes! Doctor Myx sees her in the day-time, but he will not go out at night."



PHYSICIAN: — "Now, Hans, take my cane in your left hand and twirl it about in your fingers as you see me do. This will facilitate the flow of blood."

HANS:—(who is on the point of fainting) "Here, Lisbeth, you turn the stick, I am too weak."



"Oh, Doctor, come quickly! my little Georgie has swallowed a mouse."

DOCTOR:—"Swallowed a mouse, has he? That surely passes the limits of our art. If Georgie has swallowed a mouse, all that you can do for him, as far as I can see, is to get him to swallow a cat."

"Have you forgiven all your enemies?"

"Yes, holy father. That is, all except Hans."

"But remember, before God there are no exceptions possible. You must forgive all your enemies and now, as after death it will be too late."

"Well then, if I'm to die, I forgive him with the rest, but if I live, let matters stand as they were."



"I am very sorry, Miss Brown, that your mother has left us. Was she sick long?"

"Only three days."

"Pshaw! for that, it was hardly worth the trouble."

"What treatment shall Private Burger have, Doctor?"

"None at all. Nothing the matter with him except the anti-drill fever."

(After three days nurse reports death of Burger.)

"Hum!" says the doctor, "something ailed him after all."



“Well, Moosbauer, I see your wife is dead.”

“Yes, but how did you find that out, doctor, by only looking at me?”

“By your smiling countenance.”

A Professor finds fault with his students for remaining away from lectures. The students generally offer as an excuse, headache.

“Pooh!” says the Professor, “Headache indeed! Headache indicates lack of brain; if I remained at home for such a cause I would be absent every day.”



(Before the Recruiting Commission).

"Have you any other infirmities?"

"Yes—a stepmother and—heartburn."

"Who's dead at your house, little boy?"

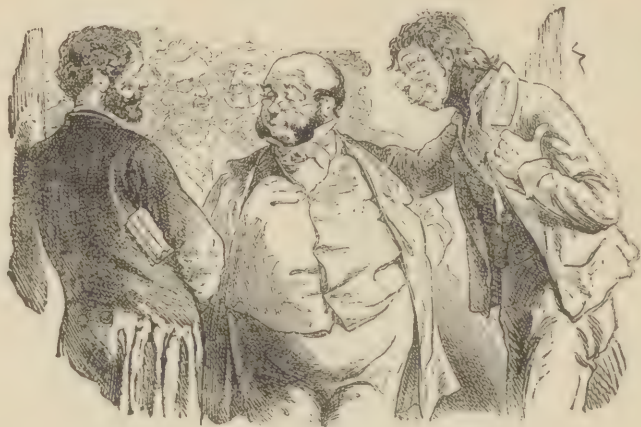
"My father, sir."

"Was he long sick?"

"Oh yes, a long time."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"No, sir. Mamma thought it wasn't necessary, but if he had got worse we were going to get the doctor."



CLINICAL PROFESSOR :—"Gentlemen, take a good look at this man, but pray do not make any further examination. Aside from the acute disease, which brings him here to-day, what is wrong with him? Observe the peculiar play of the features, especially the mouth and eyes. We can make no systematic observation of the points I wish you to note; the cultivated eye of the clinician, such as, for instance, the elder Heine possessed, is required in the investigation of this case. You do not make it out? Gentlemen, I have no more acquaintance with this man than you have, but I say to you, this patient is deaf and dumb."

"Wait, wait, Professor! it is my brother whom you mean; he is waiting just outside. Shall I call him in?"

Doctor (to his housekeeper) "I am sick. Take this prescription to the druggist and bring back the medicine as soon as you can."

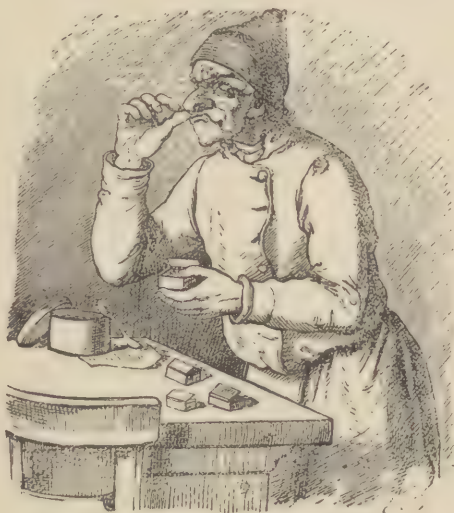
HOUSEKEEPER :—"But, Doctor, you surely do not intend to do yourself any harm?"

(Customer to Druggist) "Do make haste, please, with that prescription, because if I wait longer it will do no good and I shall reach home and find my wife—well."

DAUGHTER:—"Mother, I have such palpitation of the heart; send for young Doctor Paine."

MOTHER:—"That will pass away without the doctor."

DAUGHTER:—"I know, mother, but it's so tedious."



PATIENT:—"How odd these doctors are! The doctor told me to take these powders in small doses.

"Well, well! what will one not do to regain health? My! how they burn—purgatory is cool to them."



DOCTOR :—"Have the powders had any effect?"

PATIENT :—"Oh, yes! and such an effect. God deliver us from such effects! Look here!"

"Heavens, Mrs. Smith, but my daughter is sick! She has the bronchitis in every joint of her poor body."

COOK :—"Madame, as to-morrow and next day are holidays, I shall go to the hospital."

MISTRESS :—"The hospital! Are you sick?"

COOK :—"God be praised, no; but I have been paying my dues at the hospital for over six years now, and I thought I'd take this chance to get some little return for my money."



FORESIGHT.

A patient wishes to have a tooth drawn, and as he can not endure the pain of the operation, desires that chloroform be administered. While the dentist is getting things ready the patient counts the money in his purse.

"Oh, let the pay go until after we are done," said the dentist impatiently, imagining that the patient is counting out his fee.

"Not so, indeed," said the patient, "if you are going to befuddle me I must know how much money I have in my purse before we begin."

Reb Baruch, an ancient Hebrew, who is very sick, calls to his wife :

"Rebecca, put on your finest clothes, just as if we were going to be married!"

"What for? Nonsense!"

"Because, when the death angel comes and sees you looking so beautiful, he may be more pleased with you than with me."



PHYSICIAN :—"I can no longer conceal from you, my friend, your wife does not strike me favorably."

HUSBAND :—"Nor me."



"Did you have no friends or acquaintances in that lonely mountain place where you spent the summer?"

"Not one."

"Then how on earth does it come that you were sick while you were there?"

PHYSICIAN:—"Did the chloroform I ordered for your boy's toothache take it away?"

FATHER:—"It did, and the boy with it."

BOOR:—"How much is the medicine?"

DRUGGIST:—"Fifty cents."

BOOR:—"Fifty cents! Then it will do me no good. It takes a dollar medicine to take hold of my constitution."

DOCTOR:—"Now John, you are improving nicely—I am going away for eight days, but you will get along. Take your medicine regularly and keep quiet."

AFTER EIGHT DAYS.

DOCTOR:—(standing before John's closed door, to countryman.)
"Do you know how John is?"

COUNTRYMAN:—"Yaas!"

DOCTOR:—"Well, how is he? Is he well again?"

COUNTRYMAN:—"Yaas!"

DOCTOR:—"Good. I'm glad to hear it. Will he soon be home?"

COUNTRYMAN:—"Naw!"

DOCTOR:—"But I told him to avoid the night air. Does he still complain of pain in his breast?"

COUNTRYMAN:—"Naw!"

DOCTOR:—"Where is he? Out in the field?"

COUNTRYMAN:—"Naw!"

DOCTOR:—"Perdition take your Naw's! Where is he?"

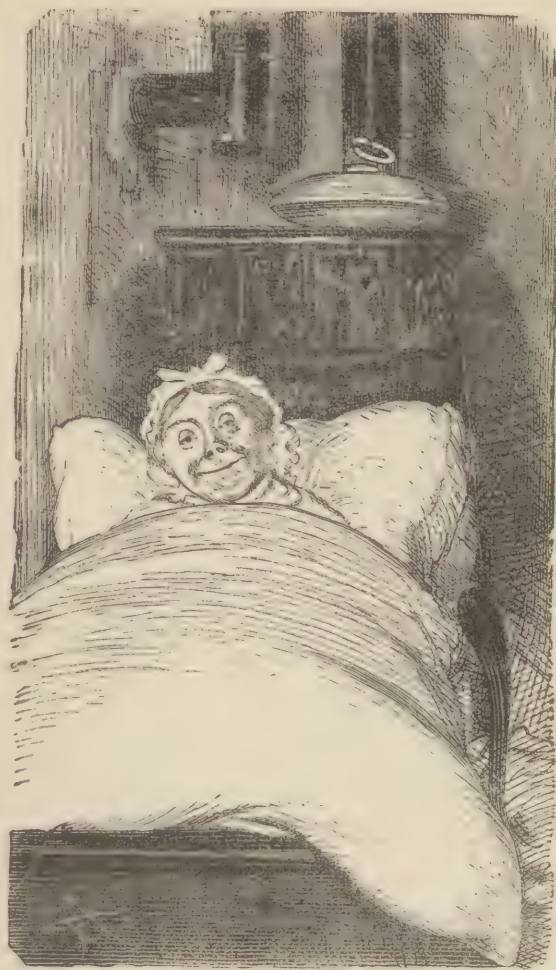
COUNTRYMAN:—"Dea—ed."

DOCTOR:—"Mrs. Atherton, I am glad to see you at the springs again. I suppose you reap benefit from your stay here each year."

MRS. A.:—"Oh, yes, a little each year. I calculate I shall be well about the time I die."

When the doctor leaves in the evening he says to his servant girl:

"Johanna, fill the warming-pan and place it on the stove, and then warm the bed for me."



When the doctor returns he finds his orders have been obeyed; the warming-pan is simmering on the stove, and Johanna is warming his bed for him.

DOCTOR:—“Here I bring with me the oldest man in our city. He is over eighty, and his occupation is chimney-sweep.”

PROFESSOR:—“Nothing wonderful about him. We all know that smoked meat keeps longer than any other.”



MILLER:—“Doctor, you must be making a great deal of money at your practice?”

DOCTOR:—“But remember, my good friend, it cost me several thousand dollars to pursue my studies.”

MILLER:—“Indeed! If that's the case, I would like to know how much those doctors who know something have paid out for their studies.”



"Comfort yourself, my dear friend, as soon as the *dolores* cease, the pains will disappear."

"Hello! back from the seashore? Did you bathe as the doctor directed?"

"I bathed five times."

"Five times, and why five times?"

"Because one doctor told me to bathe ten times, another not to go at all, so I took the middle course."

REMEDY FOR GOUT.

When the pain is greatest take a middling large white cat—a spiteful cat is the best—and pull and pluck her tail until



her temper is aroused ; then let her go and run after her until she sweats.





Then take her up and rub the painful parts with the body of the cat. If this does not effect a cure the first time, it must be tried again, for cure it certainly will, especially if the cat was born when the moon was full.

"If you wish to be cured of your dyspepsia, there is one certain remedy."

"And that is, Doctor?"

"Steal a horse!"

"What! Steal a horse?"

"Steal a horse. You will then be arrested, placed in jail, be subject to regular habits, have nothing but plain and wholesome food at the proper time, and thus at the end of your term in prison your health will be restored."

INFALLIBLE CURE.

PATIENT:—“Madame, I have come to you, having heard of your great skill, to be cured of catarrh.”

FORTUNE TELLER AND MAGNETIC DOCTOR:—“What is your name? Are you a Catholic? In what month were you born?”

PATIENT:—“Fisher is my name, I am twenty years old, and was born on St. Stephen’s day.”

FORTUNE TELLER:—“Very good! Here are fourteen dried peas, take them, and when the moon is on the wane put them into your right vest pocket, then every day transfer one pea from the right pocket to the left and so continue to the end.”

PATIENT:—“But what if at this time my catarrh is not cured?”

FORTUNE TELLER:—“Then begin to transfer the peas from the left pocket to the right, and so continue alternating until your catarrh ceases.”

THE COLD WATER CURE.

Alonzo Dewdrop had long suffered with a chronic form of rheumatism. He had used chloroform liniment, opodeldoc, crude oil, and a thousand other remedies for external application, to say nothing of attacking the enemy from within by all those sterling old drugs, which have so long held their place in the dispensing case of the physician, but notwithstanding, the disease still lingered in his system and he was recommended to try the cold water cure.

Mr. Dewdrop being a cautious man, looks over the advertisements of the various hydropathic establishments, giving special attention to the bill of fare. He declares that none of these institutions meet his desires in the direction of the cuisine, hence comes to this wise proposition by which he



concludes to abide. "Better pain with good food and drink than pain without good food and drink. So he decides to remain at home. His good fortune favors him in that a few days later he learns that there is a "water-cure" in his own city of which he had been in complete ignorance before. He sends for the superintendent of the establishment who assures him that a course of treatment can be pursued at the house of the patient, which knowledge still further delights Mr. Dewdrop, who straightway makes an engagement with the hydropath for the next day. Let him now tell the tale of his experience in his own words, just as he related it to the assembly of friends with whom, for years, he has been accustomed nightly to meet. "To begin, when you stretch your body out on the ice-cold sheets, the sensation is such as you might experience lying on a bed of a dozen red-hot plough-shares. Your first instinct is to make an attempt to leap to the ceiling; in this however, you are frustrated by the hydropathic assistant who throws an ice-cold cloth over your chest so that you lie in terror, there, between two evils balanced, much like the jackass of the schoolmen. A few minutes later a pleasant warmth suffuses itself throughout the body and it is not long before your feeling of discomfort passes into one of comfort; then gradually into a mild sensation of contentment and a pleasurable glow of inward and outward peace.

When you have reached this point the assistant of the Hydro-pathic Institute who has been attending you, leaves you, locks your house and takes the key with him.

I felt glorious; gradually I settled into quiet revery, after which drowsiness made itself apparent and I was about to yield myself to the gentle embraces of the god of sleep when a confounded busy-body of a fly settled on my forehead. Heavens!



I wish the blamed insect would move his quarters; he annoys me. I make an effort to slap him with my hand when I discover that my arms are so firmly pinioned to my side that there is no possibility of liberating them. What shall I do? Aha! a brilliant idea! I will frown; corrugate the skin of the forehead and thus drive away the tormentor. Success at last! Oh joy! he is gone. But what is this? Blow the bug! he has alighted on my nose. I follow his movements with my eyes which causes me to squint horribly; after a while this squinting becomes painful, but how can I desist? What do I see? The cunning little imp is flapping his



wings ; now he is kicking up his hind legs ; hello ! what's this ? Shade of Tecumseh, his brother has alighted on my nose. Now they engage in a friendly confabulation ; now they see which can show me the most recognition by tickling my proboscis until I am about mad ; ha ! nature has remedies for all evils, I am about

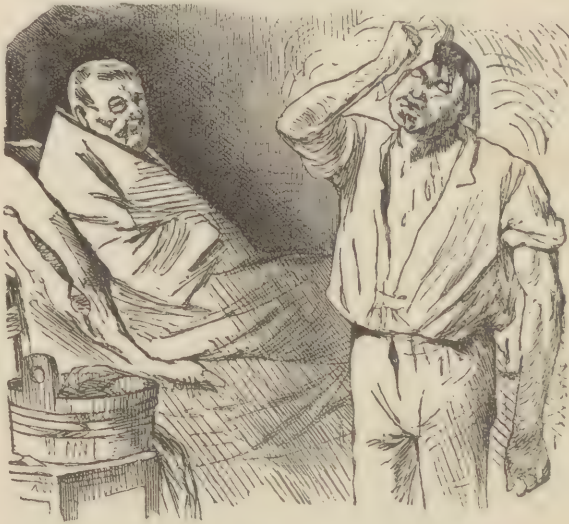


to sneeze ; I do sneeze with all the force in me and the tormentors are driven from their position of defiance.

Now I am at peace again but sleep has fled and I begin to occupy myself with my thoughts. In what direction do they turn ? Naturally towards my helpless situation as here I lie. What if a thief, knowing this, should step into the window. I wonder if the man really locked the door when he left. I don't remember hearing the key turn in the lock. Gracious ! here comes that beastly fly again, I hear it buzzing ! I wish it were consumed in the fire of—fire did I say ? Supposing the house should take fire. I think the "Water-Cure" man lit a cigar as he went out, and quite likely he threw the lighted match on the carpet. I think I hear a crackling ; I'm sure I smell something burning. Get out you busy devil ! I wish this accursed hour was over. If I'm ever trapped this way again I'll know it !

At last ! at last ! the hour of agony and martyrdom is passed ! I hear the key in the lock and in a moment my "Water Curer" stands grinning before me and asks me how I am. Go to the —

thinks I. Now my troubles are over. Not so. He takes a sheet and wets it, then unwinds the cloths from about me and slap — burrr—r—comes the cold sheet over me; I could kill this wretch! but he has me safe, having again rolled me up. Now he begins to rub me vigorously which is not so bad. Then he takes off the sheet and dries me and rubs me again and I sit in comparative comfort while he mops his perspiring face.”



“Well,” inquires one of the listeners “did you continue the cure.”

“Yes, but after a way of my own. I would not for worlds undergo the torture again which I suffered in the packing process. Besides I have made up my mind that the sweating is the main thing after all. So I take every rheumatic I can find, and put him through the course, whereby, through the extraordinary exertions I make in the rubbing etc., I am thrown into a fine perspiration and all that is desirable is thus accomplished, and I have besides the pleasure of victimizing some one else.”

An actor, celebrated for his talent, comes to a dentist to have a tooth drawn. After the operation the actor takes out his purse to pay the charges, when he is interrupted by the dentist who says, "Never mind that, my dear sir. I know you well. You have often given me the greatest pleasure, and why should not I return like for like."



"Your system is impoverished. You need iron, Madame."
"Had I silver, it would do better."



DOCTOR'S WIFE:—"I am glad you have come, Doctor. The workmen want more beer."

DOCTOR:—"Hold your hands here?"

(This is cheerfully done by the men in the expectation of receiving a tip).

DOCTOR:—(feeling their pulse) "No, no—not'a drop more if you value your lives. My professional knowledge forbids me to assume so grave a responsibility."

"Doctor, why did you take no part in the election?"

"Because the tickets had to be signed so that the name could be read, and I have never been able to accomplish this."

BARBER:—"I shall give you my "Vital Drops." You must take five, ten or fifteen drops, according to how long you wish to live, that is, a drop for each year. Mind! take no more. Cases have been known where persons by mistake have taken the whole bottle, and then they lived so long that it became necessary to knock them on the head to get them out of the way."

A:—"The bathing season is at hand."

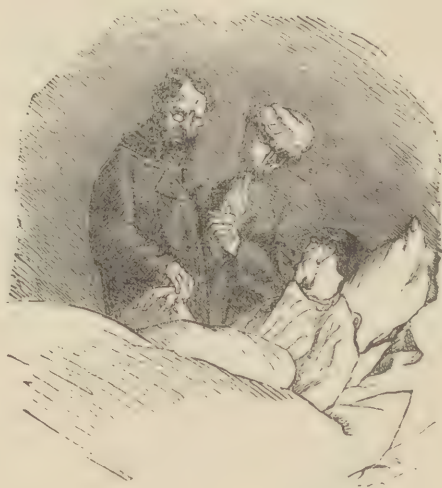
B:—"I know it; my wife has begun to complain of weakness and general debility."



"Where are you going in such haste, Doctor?"

"For Heaven's sake don't detain me! Late last evening I was sent for to see a patient and it has just flashed through

my mind that I made a terrible error in writing the prescription. Now I am hurrying to see what, if anything, can be done to save the man."



(Doctor at the patient's house.)

"Well, how is he?"

"God be praised for your skill my dear doctor! He had hardly taken a spoonful of the medicine that you ordered last night until he showed a change for the better, and now that he has taken about all of it the fever has nearly disappeared."

INVITING.

"Can you tell me where the barber lives?"

"Yes, go up this street, turn that corner and you will hear the people yelling. You can't miss it."

* In remote rural districts of Germany, the barber is surgeon and physician as well.



STRANGER :—(to Druggist) "Excuse me for waking you out of your first sleep, but my wife is not quite well and I wanted to get for her five cents worth of Seidlitz powder."

DRUGGIST :—"And for this you have dragged me from my bed, in this bitter cold, at two o'clock in the morning! If this is not an outrage! Would not a glass of cold water have answered the same purpose?"

STRANGER :—"God knows! you are right. A sensible man are you! What does she want with powders when a glass of water will do just as well? Good night! Good night!"



“ Alfred, I suffer so much from toothache. Don’t you know some remedy?”

“ Only one, dear cousin, and that is to let the beard grow. I used to have the toothache awfully myself, but since I have grown my mutton-chops I have never been troubled at all.”

BARBER :—“ Three marks for pulling three teeth is your bill.”

PATIENT :—(who had been chloroformed during the operation.)
“ What! three teeth! I told you to pull the one that ached and there was only one aching.”

BARBER :—“ Yes, yes—but in these hard times we can’t be so particular.”

"Just think what happened to me recently! I have read at various times the advertisements of Dr. Barry's Revalés-ciè-re, a great tonic promoting strength and growth, and I concluded to get some, as my health had not been the best. In order to get it cheaper I bought it in quantity, about two pounds. One evening my wife was called to the door to see a neighbor, when our little two-year old Robert got hold of the medicine and ate it all up. When I came home I wished



to take a dose but could not find the stuff anywhere and was obliged to go to bed without it, much to my disappointment. My little Robert sleeps in the same bed with me. I awoke early the next morning and was about to get up, when, great heavens! what do I see? Lying beside me in bed is a great big, bearded man, whom I had never laid eyes on before.



‘Who are you?’ I yelled. ‘Where did you come from? What do you want?’

The bearded stranger rubbed his eyes, looked at me, laughed, and then cried out: ‘Mother, Mother! come here! Papa’s dreaming.’

The Revalessière had in one night developed my little baby Robert to a great, big, bearded monster like that.”



"You see, Doctor, every time I shake my head I have a headache."

"Is there any need for you to shake your head?"

"Certainly! How otherwise would I know that I have a headache?"

SCOTCH DYSPEPSIA.

MINKS:—"Yes, sir, I have oatmeal on my table every morning. I consider it the most wholesome, most—

JINKS:—"But see here, Minks, don't you know that oatmeal is the principal dish in Scotland, and that country is a nation of dyspeptics?"

"Oh, it's not the oatmeal that causes the dyspepsia over there."

"Why, what is it?"

"The bagpipes."



YOUNG SURGEON:—"Give me the ball! It is the first I ever removed."

SOLDIER:—"That I could not do, for it is the first ball I ever received."

A little girl lying very sick heard those about her say every day: "She'll be better when the fever breaks;" "If the fever would only break," etc.

One morning she hailed her mother joyously exclaiming, "I shall be better now, the fever's broke."

"How do you know, my child," asked her mother.

"Oh, I heard it crack."

DOCTOR:— "Where in the world is the medicine I left you last night? I told you particularly to take a spoonful every two hours, and I left enough to do a number of days."

MILLER:— "You see, Doctor, last night I was all alone, had not a soul to send for anything; when three of my old chums dropped in to see me. Something they had to have,



so they drank to my health in the medicine, and there was just enough to go round."

Office Hours of a young physician :

From 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.

From 8 P. M. to 8 A. M.



"Do you know, Kate, that our neighbor's Fritz fell from a scaffold and broke his neck?"

"Aha! aha! now I see why he has been looking so pale of late."

"My stomach is out of order, I want something to make me vomit."

"Here's something, twenty-five cents, please."

"Dear me! It costs a good deal. Hav'nt you any that's been used before?"



"Hello, neighbor, what's the matter? In the dumps?

"My head hurts me!"

"That I can believe. Such a head would hurt any one."



WOMAN:—"What! beer soup unhealthy! Why you could give it to a dying person. My aunt that's in heaven now, ate beer soup half an hour before she died, and it didn't hurt her the least bit."



"What do you wish, my boy?"

"Bedbug poison."

"How much?"

"Oh, I suppose there are several thousand of them."

A DUTIFUL OFFICIAL.

TEXAN:—"I trust, sir, you don't mean to call me a liar?"

STRANGER:—"And if I did call you a liar, what would you do about it?"

"I'd do my duty under the law, sir."

"And what's that?"

"Hold an inquest over your remains, sir. I'm the Coroner here."



PATIENT :— “Doctor, may I not change the bed clothes ; put on clean sheets, etc. ? ”

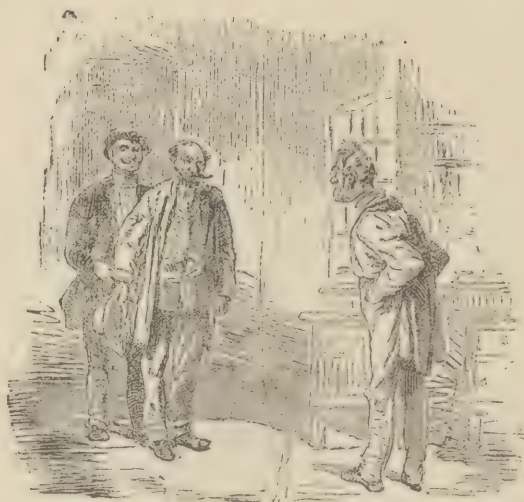
DOCTOR :— “Yes, but afterwards the bed must be warmed with animal heat before you occupy it. Let your husband sleep in it a night.”

A. :— “Can we go through the Lunatic Asylum to-day ? ”

DIRECTOR :— “Are you physicians ? ”

A. :— “No.”

DIRECTOR :— “Do you think that our lunatics are here to gratify the sight-seeing propensities of the idle public ? ”

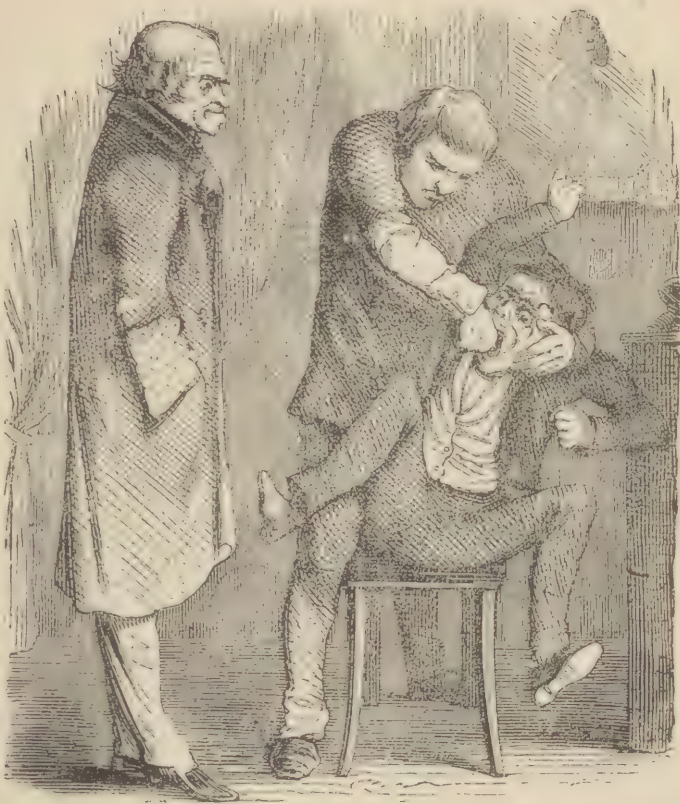


B.: — "Come, let's go! We've seen one of them anyhow."



PHYSICIAN: — "I am going to prescribe for you a medicine which will help you, but it is very nasty. Can you take something nasty?"

PATIENT: — (to son) "Jake, tell your mother to come here."



“Good morning, my dear son! Let me give you my best wishes for your future health and happiness on this, your birthday; and as a reward for your past good conduct as well as a remembrancer of your loving father, you shall have that tooth drawn which has been giving you so much pain at times.”

QUITE FAMILIAR.

FIRST CHOLERA GERM:— “Ah, I’m glad we came to Philadelphia. It seems like home.”

SECOND CHOLERA GERM:— “Yes, smells just like dear old Asia.”



DOCTOR:—"Put on these spectacles, please, and look towards the window. Do you see anything?"

STUDENT:—"I see a great big frowsy blockhead."

DOCTOR:—"You are not at all near-sighted."

TOOTHACHE.

It would be of more advantage to the progress of humanity if our legislators, philanthropists and pro bono publicos would turn their attention from such unimportant pests as taxes, deceased wife's sisters, sewerage, prohibition, and international copyright, and direct their whole influence to the extermination of the toothache fiend.

All varieties of men are unanimous in condemnation of toothache. It is an enemy to the human race. In cruelty it surpasses Nero; in intensity it surpasses the æsthetes; in pain-

giving power it is in advance of the precocious boy. Shakespeare was obliged to bear witness that there was never yet philosopher could endure the toothache patiently; and Burns says with a fierceness that may be excused: "My curse upon thy venomed stang that shoots my tortured gums along." Toothache is more gnawing than conscience. It is more torturous than the ananthal of India. It infuses more agony into the human frame than any method of torture that has yet been devised. It is always accompanied by a bad temper. Never ask a man afflicted with toothache for a loan or a church subscription. If you happen to do so inadvertently and he refuses to contribute, then you may have revenge by recommending the following cure:—

Take the tooth out, hang it up by a silver wire in the center of a room in which there are five windows; walk around it until you have repeated the whole of *Hiawatha*, and when you sit down the toothache will be gone; or, if this fail to arouse his ire, tell him to put a tablespoonful of cold water into his mouth, and to sit on a stove till it boils. This is an infallible remedy for toothache. You can hold the door on the outside with several amused smiles wandering over your face, while he jams his head against the wall in anger and agony.

Persons who have toothache should never engage in argument. Argument in such cases is never conducted with that calm and collected impartiality which should characterize all controversy. Toothache prohibits logical thought and obliterates the memory and reasoning powers, so that in severe cases husbands have been known to kiss their wives—a crime which they would not have committed in moments of sanity. It is incapable of extracting good nature and jollity even from Mark Tapley. It destroys the equanimity and cheerfulness of the stoic Epictetus. It drags stoicism out of the most adamant natures, and makes such men howl like fourth-rate opera singers. Even editors, who have withstood the ordeal of spring poetry, and amateur humorists, have been known to succumb to the effects of ache in the editorial molar.

Toothache is not so hard to bear when it attacks a relative. Less fortitude is required in such a case than when we ourselves own the toothache. The agony decreases in the ratio of consanguinity, and when the aching tooth is possessed by a mother-in-law the pain which we suffer is almost imperceptible.

According to the dentists, human teeth are degenerating at such a rapid rate, that in a few generations babies will be born with false sets. It is scarcely surprising that the age is so full of falsehood when such a vast number of words are compelled to pass through false teeth.

To know that the pain of a decaying tooth is caused by the pressure or irritation of the dental nerves, by a microscopic fungus called the *leptothrix buccalis* must certainly be a consolation to the sufferer, and will, no doubt, greatly alleviate the pain.

Among cures of more or less efficacy, the following are recommended as infallible. Give each one a trial. Observe the trade-mark and the government stamp on the label. None other genuine. Pepper, vinegar, mustard, alum, salt, laudanum, bi-carbonate of soda, ginger, camphor, arsenic, essence of dentist, broken bottles stewed in glycerine, red-hot poker *a la mode*, tobacco smoke applied in solid bars, muriate of the tincture of boiled Egyptian mummy. Screaming, knocking the head against a wall, and similar remedies applied on the principle of counter irritation are sometimes employed, but they rarely effect permanent cures.

A countryman comes to the doctor to be vaccinated. The doctor is engaged in vaccinating several ladies, hence says to the man, "Go into the next room and take off your clothing and I shall be ready for you in a moment." In a short time the man appears stripped to his shirt.

"Will you leave the room and put on your clothes!" roars the alarmed and enraged physician.



"Dear me," says the astonished countryman, "How should I know on which portion of his body one is vaccinated."



DOCTOR : — " Did you get the cork soles from Hanover? "

PATIENT : — " Yes, Doctor. "

DOCTOR : — " Where are they? "

PATIENT : — " I spread butter on them and managed to eat them, but they did me no good. "

VERY DISCOURAGING.

YOUNG DOCTOR:—“Well, I am just about discouraged. I was not fit for this profession, anyway.”

OLD DOCTOR:—“I am sorry to hear that. You have evidently had some bad luck.”

“I should say so. How I am to win back confidence I don't know.”

“Made a wrong diagnosis, I suppose?”

“Yes; I said a rich patient of mine could not live and he's gone and got well.”



A FORCED LOAN.

MR. HEILIGMANN:—“You appear to be a little bit too hilarious to-day. I had a big notion not to let you shave me. I think you are drunk. Are you not?”

BARBER:—“Not at all. Only a little domestic excitement, that’s all.”



BARBER:—“Mr. Heiligmann, will you have the goodness to loan me a hundred dollars?”



BARBER:—“Did you hear what I said, Mr. Heiligmann? I desire you to loan me a hundred dollars.”



BARBER :—“Mr. Heiligmann, a hundred dollars is the amount I mentioned.”

MR. H. :—“ In heaven’s name, yes.”

BARBER :—“ A man as good as his word !”



BARBER :—“ Mr. Heiligmann, you have my best thanks !”



"Come to our house at once, Doctor! Don't delay a moment."

"I shall come right away; but who is so sick?"

"I am—I am! but I had not a soul to send for you, so I had to come myself."

"It pleases me to see you bearing your husband's death so bravely."

"I do my best. The doctor ordered me not to cry, you know."



"Doctor, I hear you are so good in chronic complaints."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is a—ahem—excuse me! a severe—look for yourself, Doctor, I've brought it along with me."

DOCTOR:—"Appetite is good."

COUNTRYMAN:—"Yes."

D.:—"Sleep well?"

C.:—"Yes, Doctor."

D.:—"Have you stool regularly?"

C.:—"None at all."

D.:—"Aha! no stool—since when?"

C.:—"Since last Christmas?"

D.:—"What! Since last Christmas?"

C.:—"Yes, as long ago as that."

D.:—"But think! to-day is the 23d of September and you tell me you have had no stool since last Christmas—impossible!"



C.:—"It is so, Doctor. Last year we had one stool left, but our boy Hans broke it about Christmas, and since that time we have been getting along as best we could with a bench."

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS NEEDED.

IRATE CUSTOMER :—"See here, sir, this is a fraud—a regular humbug, sir."

DRUGGIST :—"What is the matter?"

"You sold me this lump of borax yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes; good borax too."

"And you said it would kill roaches?"

"Yes."

"Well, it won't. The closet is as full of roaches as it was before."

"Guess you didn't use it right."

"I didn't?"

"No; you take the lump back, and when you see a roach go for it."

"How?"

"Hit it."

"Why, what with?"

"The lump, of course."

Boy—(to apothecary) “How much is the medicine?”

APOTHECARY:—“Forty cents.”

Boy—(throwing ten cents on the counter) “I guess that’s enough,” after which he runs away.

Apothecary sends his assistant in pursuit of the defaulter; sees soon that the assistant, who is aged, will never overtake the juvenile rascal hence cries out to him:



“Mr. Mortar, come back! Let him go! We have made five cents or more on it anyhow!”

A distinguished professor of surgery who was as much celebrated for his love of filthy lucre as he was for his skill in his special department, received one day the following telegram:

“Can you make an operation on Chaim Rosenbaum? What are your charges including traveling expenses? Wire reply!”

At first the professor was loth to undertake the matter, but hearing that Chaim Rosenbaum was a very rich merchant, he concluded to make the operation, hence sent this telegram:

“Can come at a moment’s notice. Charges 5,000 gulden.”

Then came another telegram:

“Can you not make it 2,500 gulden?”

To which the professor replied :

"My charges I have named ; have no other."

Then came this message :

"Will give you 2,600 gulden."

To which the professor answered :

"3,000 gulden or I will not come — I forbid further correspondence in this matter."

Then came this :

"Come, Professor ! You shall have your 3,000 gulden."

The Professor took the next train. At a station near his journey's end he telegraphed Chaim Rosenbaum to have a vehicle at the depot to convey him to the patient's house.



When the professor arrived at his destination and stepped from the train, he was surrounded by a moaning, weeping and wailing crowd of Polish Jews who said to him : "God's pity on us, Reb Chaim Rosenbaum died last night."

Annoyed at this unexpected event, our Professor, weary from his 24 hour's journey, betook himself to the nearest hotel, not however before he had told one of the deputation that he would

like as soon as possible to see some near relative of the departed Rosenbaum, to arrange with reference to the bill.

The Professor had hardly settled himself comfortably in his room before he was called upon by an individual, who in the politest manner possible said in behalf of Chaim Rosenbaum, deceased, he was willing to pay the surgeon 200 gulden for his journey and loss of time. This the Professor accepted, and after a hearty supper went to bed with the intention of starting home the next day.

With lightning rapidity the presence of the world-renowned surgeon became known in the town, and the next morning the hotel was besieged with those seeking his aid. He was urged to stay, if but for a day, to give his skill where skill would avail.



With a practiced eye the Professor glanced over the group of patients and calculated the probable financial results. The journey was paid for, why not utilize the time? He concluded to stay, and taking the patients in the order in which they came, was occupied until night. So busy was he at times, that the assistance of two of the local faculty was needed.

Satisfied with his work (the money received amounting to several hundred gulden) he was about leaving the hotel the next morning, when he was accosted thus by a Polish Jew, whose jet black locks fell in a confused mass about his ears: "You are the Professor who operated on and cured so many people in this hotel yesterday!" Being in haste, the Professor answered testily: "Let me alone! I have no business with you."

"Keep cool, dear Professor," said the Jew. "May God send you good fortune and happiness, and bless your race to the third generation! I will tell you a great secret — Reb Chaim Rosenbaum is not dead!"

Astounded at this the Professor exclaimed: "The man can not have recovered — why did he not submit to the operation?"



"Dear Professor, he was operated on," said the Jew

"By whom?"

"By yourself. Among the many on whom you operated yesterday was Reb Chaim Rosenbaum, and thanks be to God and yourself, good, kind Professor, he feels himself already much improved."

After saying which the informant prudently slipped into a neighboring alley.



AT THE SPRINGS.

DOCTOR :— "How did you sleep last night, Mrs. Gabe?"

MRS. G. :— "Not so well as the night before, Doctor."

DOCTOR :— "If that is the case, you must drink a glass less of the water to-day."

MRS. G. :— "But, Doctor, two days ago I drank a glass more than usual and slept the better for it."

DOCTOR :— "Well, ahem! Then drink one glass more to-day."

MRS. G. :— "Does it make any difference whether one drinks a glass more or less?"

DOCTOR :— "It does not—always provided it is done by the order of the physician in attendance"



"Max, wouldn't you like to become a doctor some day?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't kill a fly."



BARBEROUS SURGERY.

BARBER :— "Now, you see, I was right. You see how hard a matter it was to put your shoulder in place. We had to pull so hard, that we dislocated your wrist-joint; otherwise your shoulder would still be out."

THE ELECTRIC CURE.



To the Doctor, Tony goes,
Suffering rheumatic woes.



The Doctor is a man renowned ;
Tony on his door doth pound.



The Doctor views the seat of pain,
Says, "That will soon be well again."



The Doctor in a bottle begins to pour,
Tony wonders more and more.



Tony cudgels his brains in vain ;
"Can this thing make me well again?"



Before him the Doctor takes his stand
And puts a pole into each hand.



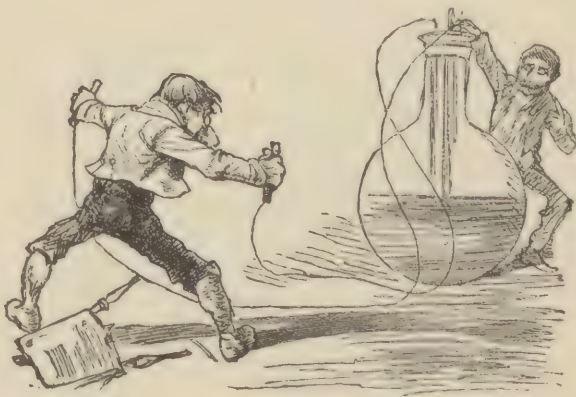
"Hold on as tight as e'er you can,
If it hurts, don't cry," said the Doctor-man.



The fluid soon begins to work,
And Tony soon begins to jerk.



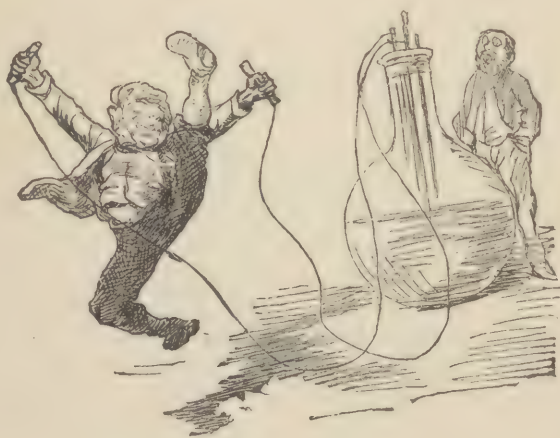
It twists him to, it twists him fro,
The Doctor starts a stronger flow.



It breaks poor Tony 'most in two ;
The Doctor cries, " 'T' will soon be through."



Tony leaps fantastical ;
The Doctor thinks it comical.



Tony takes a higher flight ;
His soul is filled with wild delight.



The cure is made, the pain is past,
Tony breaks his crutch right fast.



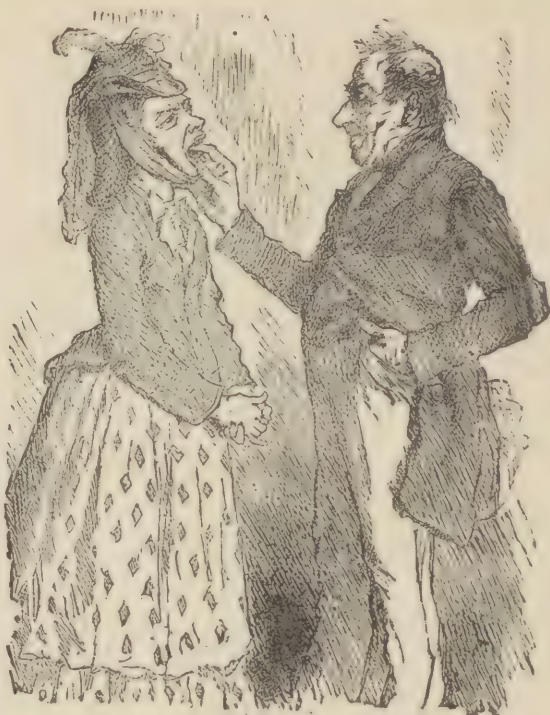
And being now from torture free,
He greets the Doctor tenderly.



The Doctor's fee he gladly pays,
" 'Tis worth much more," our Tony says.



Now thanks to electricity,
Tony is from anguish free.



LADY :— "How much do you charge, Doctor, to pull a tooth."

DENTIST :— "One dollar. The price is cheaper by the dozen."

DOCTOR :— "Did you take the box of pills I ordered you?"

PATIENT :— "Yes, Doctor, but they hav'nt worked yet; I suppose the lid hasn't come off the box."



PHYSICIAN : — “What is the matter?”

PATIENT : — “An all-gone feeling in the stomach — in short, hunger.”

FROLICS OF A FATHER.

Solid Comfort taken by a Young Married Man with his First Born.

Having settled ourselves at a table in Tom's back room the young man proceeded :

“I just had a rich old time until that boy of mine was six weeks old. Then the nurse left, and my wife said I could just as well help her as not, and I was only too tickled to be able to do something to make myself useful. We had no crib for the youngster then, and he slept with us, between his mother and me. I was cautioned not to roll on him in the night, and I tried hard to keep still ; but I hadn't been asleep more'n a minute

when my wife dug me in the ribs and yelled, 'Get up! You're lying on Adolphus!' I got up, moved over into my place, and tried to sleep; but I got on the baby again, and finally wrapped myself in a blanket and passed the rest of the night on the floor.

"The next day I got a crib. Then my real trouble began. The boy would be fed and put into the crib, and then I'd turn in. My pleasant dreams would vanish as the plaintive yells of that youth cut the air and struck me with the energy of a steam hammer. Aided by a gentle push from my better half, I'd climb out, pick up the boy, and, clad in the clinging folds of a night-shirt, with my feet encased in a pair of slippers, I'd sit me down to woo the gentle god of slumber on my son's account. This attempt at wooing the gentle god is the direct cause of the ruin you see before you. Just the minute I picked the baby from his bunk he'd stop yelling and look at me in wide-eyed surprise and seem to say; 'Where in thunder did you drop from?' Then as I sat down, and try to get him comfortably balanced on one of my knees, he'd begin clawing the air and grunting contentedly.

"About this time I set my foot in motion—trot! trot! trot!—and accompanied it with a seductive 'sh—h—a, th—ere—ere,' that I hoped would soon lull him to sleep. But nary lull. He'd look at me and smile—his grandmother says it's colic that makes him smile—and then take in the furniture piece by piece, and stare stupidly at the dimly burning gas jet. He was perfectly cool about this. Nothing was done in haste. Each picture, chair and ornament would receive a minute inspection from those wide-opened blue eyes, and your humble servant kept digging away at the trot! trot! and 'sh—h—' scheme all the while. Suddenly there would be a slow closing of the little white lids, and the blue eyes were hidden. Aha! Now he was going to sleep. At last! And I'd work the trot! trot! with renewed vigor. Then he'd sigh a tired little sigh, and when I was sure he was fast asleep I'd start to lay him back in his crib. But just as I would lean over to lay him down he'd open his eyes, coo happily and seem to say, 'Oh I'm not asleep; I was

just having some fun with you,' and there was nothing to do but to take him back to the chair and begin the whole business over again. Another three-quarters of an hour would drag wearily by, and a second time the baby's eyes would close and sleep appear to have come at last. How carefully I'd sneak over to the crib and gently lay him on his little quilt! How tenderly I'd tuck him in, and wish that he'd sleep a week or more, that I might have a chance to catch up on what I'd lost! He doesn't move, and I tiptoe to the bed that had known so little of me for some time. I sneak in under the covers, stretch myself, and think there never was anything quite so comfortable as that bed, and close my eyes for a refreshing nap, when there comes from the crib a suspicious grunt, followed by a string of spasmodic coughs and an unmistakable yell.

"Painfully I climb out of the restful bed, snatch the infant from his downy couch, and quiet him with the same old trot! trot! while the chill night breezes float through the open window and play peek-a-boo with my modest knees under the flapping flap of my night-shirt. This has been my nightly programme for about two weeks, and you see the result before you. I haven't slept twenty consecutive minutes in twenty consecutive days. You said something about having comfort with that boy. I fondly hoped I'd get it. I'm still hoping."

And the gloomy look again stole over the face of the happy father. His eyes gazed vacantly into space as he mechanically made his way to the door, and with a shuffling, uncertain step he tottered away.

VICTIM:—"Idiot! You have pulled the wrong tooth!"

DENTIST:—"Never mind! Perhaps it would have given you trouble in a year or two. You're well rid of it."

THEY WERE THIRSTY SOULS.

Doctor (who had just seen the patient)—“He’s no worse, but, (gravely) the question will no doubt soon arise as to the advisability of tapping him.”

Mother-in-law—“Oh, doctor, don’t say that. Nothing was ever tapped in this house that lasted over a week!”

NEW METHOD OF TOOTH-PULLING.

Not long ago, a wagoner, with face tied up, stopped at a country tavern for the night. The hostler observing the bandage on the new-comer’s face asked what ailed him.

“I have toothache,” replied the wagoner.

“Have you a bad tooth?”

“Yes.”

“Show me which one it is. Is it an upper or a lower tooth?”

“A lower. Here it is.”

“What will you give me if I pull it out for you as good as any doctor could?”

“I’ll give you a quarter.”

“All right. Come with me.”

The two went up into the second floor of the stable. The hostler fixed a strong cord to the tooth and tied the other end to a beam overhead, and immediately in front of a door through which hay was hoisted in. Below this door on the outside was a large dung heap.

“Now look out,” yelled the hostler and before the wagoner could get his wits together he was pushed out of the door into space, and after a rapid flight the dung heap received him into its soft and aromatic embrace. “Hurrah,” shouted the hostler to his victim, “here hangs the tooth.”

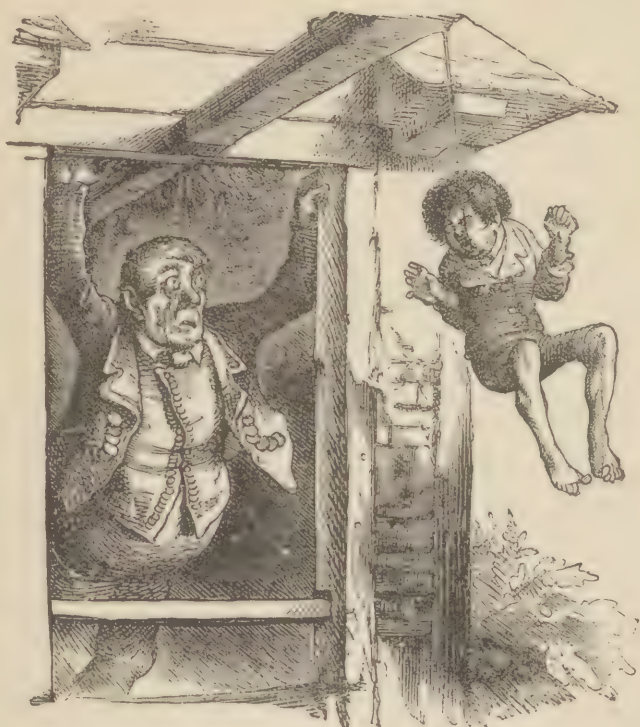
“Just so,” said the wagoner, who was seated upon the dung



heap holding his jaw, "this time everything turned out O. K., but you will never pull another tooth for me, mind that!"

A countryman had been fortunate in the sale of a load of wood, and bethought himself that he might with good grace, spend a dollar in the delights of beer. While sipping the foaming nectar he met the wagoner who told him in detail his experience with the new method of tooth-pulling.

The countryman made a mental memorandum of the process for future use. As it happened, a few days later one of the countryman's boys was seized with a violent toothache. At the first howl the boy gave, the countryman remembered the new method of tooth-pulling of which he had heard a few days before. Taking a strong cord he beckoned his boy to follow him, and took him up into the hay loft. After adjusting the cord to the boy's tooth, he tied the other end to a beam just inside a window. The boy, all innocent of his father's intentions, submitted like a lamb. On a sudden his father gave him a terrible push which sent him flying out of the window, but to the horror of his parent, instead of falling to the ground in the soft mud outside, he hung suspended from the cord, making the welkin echo with his howls and screams of agony.



The infernal tooth, instead of being a lower one as it should have been to suit the peculiar method of extirpation, was an upper one.

1st STUDENT:—"Come, Jack, and have an 'eye-opener' with me this fine morning."

2d STUDENT:—"Can't do it, Tom, my boy; I've lost my night key."

1st STUDENT:—"Oh never mind that, you can stop with me to-night."



SURGEON:—"Now you can go."

PATIENT:—"I am bound to you in every way."

HEROIC SURGICAL TREATMENT.

We heard, a few days ago, of a rather odd development of surgical teaching. A class of ladies, students of the ambulance corps, had been carefully taught how, by means of a tied handkerchief, pad, and a ruler, to twist and so tighten the handkerchief, that the bleeding of an artery in the arm or leg might be stopped. "How would you proceed," the ladies were asked, in examination, "in the case of a person bleeding from a bad wound in the head?"—"I would tie a handkerchief around the neck," came out the answer, "apply a pad to the throat, and, with a ruler inserted under the knot at the back of the neck, I would tighten the handkerchief until the bleeding ceased." The remedy would undoubtedly be decisive.

A VIEW OF THE SET OF RAZORS USED BY SUDS—THE BARBER.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY WERE USED.

The conditions under which each is to be used are noted under each.



15 cents and over.



10 cents.



When a polite reminder
is necessary.



Money one month due.



Money two months due.



Money three months
due and over.

DOCTOR:—“How is your appetite?”

PATIENT:—“Very good.”

DOCTOR:—“Thirsty?”

PATIENT:—“Not much.”

DOCTOR:—“Sleep well?”

PATIENT:—“Very quietly.”



DOCTOR:—“Your case is one of importance. I shall put you on a course of treatment and in two or three days you will be a different man.”

A beggar finds a spectacle case and thus to himself remarks :
“If now the spectacles were in this case, and my eyes were bad, what a lucky man I would be !”



“Why do you not prescribe something for yourself, doctor, you have a fearful cold.”

“That wouldn't do! In these hard times one can not afford to prescribe for nothing, and it would be still harder to take money out of one's own pocket.”

A NEW DISTINCTION.

DAUGHTER: “Oh, mother, the teacher has put me in the second class and I am to study physics and chemistry?”

MOTHER:—“My child, you don't know what those words mean.”

DAUGHTER:—“Indeed I do. Lily, who has been in that class for a year told me all about it. You see if the bottle or flask breaks it is chemistry; if not, physics.”



“What ails you, Miss —?”

“Oh, nothing.”

“Why then did you send for me?”

“Before you came there *was* something the matter with me.”

PRESENCE OF MIND.

CAPTAIN:— “Nothing is more necessary in battle than presence of mind. I once rode in a charge where a man right beside me was shot in the mouth. The bullet carried away four teeth and would, without doubt, have passed through the man’s spine and killed him instantly, had he not had presence of mind enough to swallow the ball before it could accomplish its evil work.”



“H’m—if all this is true I shall have to go on the retired list. I’ll wait awhile though before I send in my resignation, perhaps it’s not *all* true.



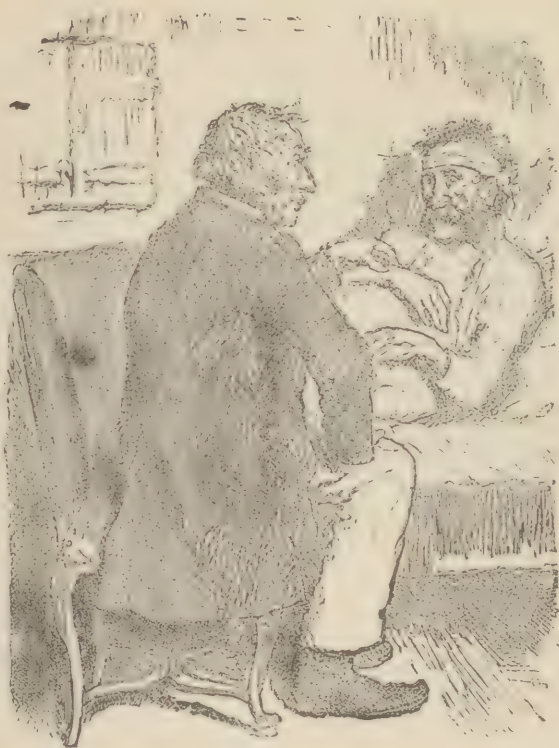
“You must pardon me, Doctor, for bringing you out on such a night, when the deluge seems to have visited the earth again—but I wished to know whether I might be permitted to eat these bonbons which Mrs. A. has so kindly sent me.”

NOBLE UNCLE.

UNCLE:—“You think I am better, Doctor?”

DOCTOR:—“You are past all danger.”

UNCLE:—“I’m sorry for that on account of my dear nephew. Break the news gently to him, Doctor, for he had so set his mind on getting my property in a few days. Poor boy!”



PHYSICIAN : — (after a very exhaustive examination of the patient)
“ You need exercise in the open air. What is your occupation,
my friend ? ”

PATIENT : — “ I have been a letter-carrier for twenty-three
years. ”

MECK : — “ Why don't you go to the penitentiary now ? You
used to have a good custom there shaving the prisoners. ”

SCHNEPPNER : — “ I'll tell you. The authorities of the peni-
tentiary made a rule, forbidding me to tell the prisoners anything



new that was going on in the world. One will stand a great deal for the sake of business, but that was too much for me, so I threw up the job."

CLOSE REASONING.

STRANGER:— (who travels in order to gather valuable points) "Why is the city illuminated?"

INHABITANT:—"Because the princess has given birth to a child."

Stranger writes in his note-book: "When the Germans illuminate their cities, German princesses give birth to children."



COMFORTING.

"Your little daughter is very sick, and the disease is slow, very slow. Take heart however, my good woman, the last case of this kind I had, made a complete recovery, after the birth of her first child."

BABYS DIARY—FIRST DAY.

(Written by himself.)

May 6, 1 A. M.—Am born, yelled.

1:15.—Am washed, yelled again. The fool doctor told 'em I was a boy, just as if *that* was something new; I've known it for some time. Was washed over the lap of a dizzy old christmas card who proceeded to tog me out in some bandages and two blocks of skirts, kicked.

3:10.—Have slept somewhat. Just woke up and yelled. The gorgeous old valentine made for me again, and turned me into nineteen different positions; must be training me for a contortionist, yelled

4:15.—Have worked the sound waves for a straight hour. The old man is kicking. I am a high soprano, I know; I just heard that a man in the fourth story was swearing.

4:25.—The amiable old Easter memorial has just tapped a bottle. She saw me watching her and said I was a tootsy-wootsy, what ever that is; I wish I was a shoesy-bootsy, I'd fix her for getting a corner in her stomach on the family supplies, yelled.

5:00.—The old man has just gotten even with the Doctor by giving him one of his cigars. The Doctor will have to buy some chloride of lime in about thirty-four seconds.

5:01.—The Doctor has just asked the old man if he ever matched one of his cigars against a glue factory. I told you so.

5:20.—The antique circus poster has fed me on warm water and whisky, she said I had the colic. Will work the colic racket again.

6:00.—“Wazzer mazzer wiz ev'ey body. Giddy ole chromo wiz two heads whackin' me on the back. Had colic twice.”

9:00.—Wake up with a head, the old man ought to keep better goods. Guess I'll yell.

9:15.—Am washed. Feel rocky. Twenty minutes for refreshments. I intend to do the colic gag over again for a cocktail.

10:00.—Old man is writing telegrams about me. Looks a little like a last year's bird's nest himself. Yelled.

12:00.—Have been asleep, woke up suddenly and saw the salubrious night mare they've hired to groom me, working her jaws over enough lunch to feed a shift of section hands. The old man ought'nt to allow it, he's got another responsibility on his hands now, and what'll I do when he kicks out if he keeps on being so careless. The thought made me so sad that I yelled.

3 P. M.—Have slept again; everybody is doing well except the people in the block, who are worn out from loss of sleep. Will stir 'em up again to-night. Old man has confidence in me; he has just said that he'd back my lungs against any steam whistle in town—best three toots out of five. It makes one proud to have the approval of his parents.

5:00.—Well I'll be d——d! I was put on a pillow in a chair a few minutes ago, and a fool girl come in and sat on me. Yelled.

5:20.—Colic. Fortunate results, sleep.

8:10.—Going to sleep for the night. The serene old obelisk is snoring in a chair. Room sounds like a round house. Dull sort of a day. Good night.



A farmer is taken sick and sends for his customary medical attendant, the barber. The barber comes and applies his first remedy. This has no effect so he tries his second.



This fails also and the barber performs



the last services within his power.

STRIKING AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

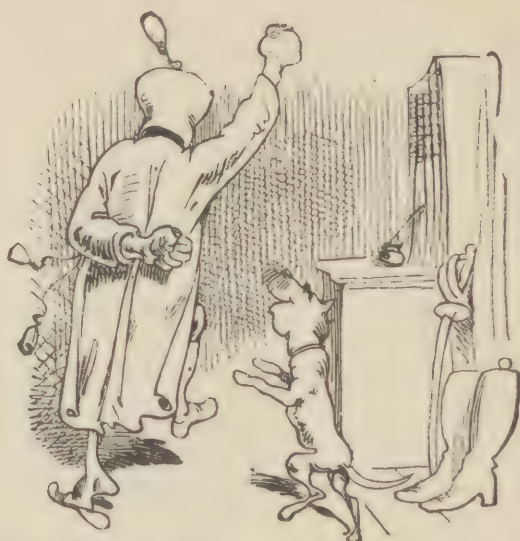
PATIENT :—Doctor, don't use any weak treatment with me. I'm no baby, I'm a man. I want't you to use vigorous measures, in fact to strike at the root of the disease.

The Doctor takes his cane and knocks a bottle of fine brandy off the table.

THE ANTI-HUNGER PILLS.



Doctor Gnawbones glances over the market quotations of provisions and is horrified at the startling advance in prices.



"A change must be made," he says, and paces his room in a distracted manner.



At this juncture he picks up the paper and reads an article which proves conclusively that hunger is but an effect of the imagination and eating an unnecessary and costly habit.



The next morning the doctor begins to economize, but makes he beginning on his faithful dog, for the dog gets nothing and the doctor takes his coffee as is his custom.



At noon the doctor begins the experiment on himself. His stomach annoys him by its calls, but this he attempts to overcome by an expedient often resorted to by hungry soldiers, beggars, etc.



On the next day the doctor finds that "Hunger hurts." He reasons that a slight infraction of the rule can not disturb the result of his experiment, hence catches a mouse.



The doctor cooks the mouse and eats it. The dog gets none of the morsel, hence turns his attention to smaller game.



The next day the doctor feels giddy, but still has pluck to work out his theory. His stomach makes such loud demands that at length he is obliged to broil his canary bird and eat it.



The doctor weakens and wabbles in his walk. A bright idea seizes him. "I shall make a pill which shall so strengthen the stomach that this petty annoyance of hunger shall pester me no more."



The doctor prepares the pills from the strongest ingredients. He then calls his dog, who is much reduced, having had nothing to eat but a few flies for several days. The doctor gives the dog the pills, which he devours voraciously.



Hardly has the dog swallowed them when the poor animal turns rapidly round a few times, greatly to the delight of the doctor, who exclaims, "Ha! they work, the dog is getting quite lively." His joy is cut short by a loud explosion which causes the dog's head to part company with his body. "Humph! the pills were too strong," said the doctor.



“Well, the experiment has failed. I shall take none of my anti-hunger pills,” remarks the doctor. “Now what I want is a good, square meal and I hope no one will ever hear of my idiotic attempt to make the stomach take a back seat, or I should die of shame.”

This is the tale of the “hunger pills,”
Which were to remove starvation’s ills.

MORAL.

Read your paper attentively,
Believe not all that there you see.

“Any fool would understand that with ease,” roared an indignant professor.

“Hence my difficulty of apprehension,” mildly remarked the student.

CIRCULAR

ISSUED BY THE MANAGER OF THE IRON SPRINGS AT STEALVILLE.



The Iron Springs are situated only a mile or two from a railroad. At the railroad station there are always on hand elegant conveyances to carry those whose destination is the Springs.

The road from the Iron Springs is even and the best engineers were engaged in its construction. It is shaded on either



side by noble trees, and art has vied with nature in contributing pleasant surprises to the visitor.



The Hotel at the Springs is arranged so as to meet the desires of the most fastidious guest, and nothing that can

contribute to luxurious comfort has been overlooked. The building is large and commodious, so there is no fear of crowding; but guests are requested to send in their applications for rooms early so that their desires as to location of rooms, etc., may be most fully met.



Surrounding the Hotel there is a park which has been named by the people who live in the neighborhood of the Springs "Paradise Park." Here conservatories, flower gardens, pleasant walks, woods, etc., give pleasure to the eye. The management has lately contrived at great expense, a number of pleasing novelties to delight those who patronize this favorite resort.

The service at the Hotel is all that could be desired. The waiters and house help are all conversant with several languages. The clerk of the Hotel and the matron are persons highly gifted not only in modern languages and other matters of

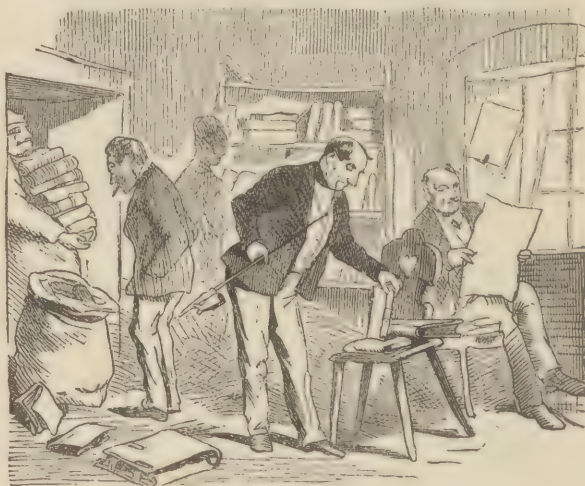


culture, but in all that pertains to the social concerns and needs of our highly enlightened civilization.



Through the influence of the directors, the Iron Springs are now connected with the general postal system, and letters

and packages may be sent to the remotest parts of the continent as well as to foreign lands. As a special favor to the Iron Springs, it is in contemplation to lay a special wire to the Springs, thus making the Iron Springs, for messages, a point to be reached by electricity's lightning speed, and putting the fortunate guest at these Springs in the closest communication with the most distant portions of the earth.



The library at the Hotel offers to the reader all the standard works as well as the newer books in the various departments of literature. Newspapers and journals are received daily; indeed, so great has been the increase in the library that it is contemplated at an early date to erect a beautiful edifice which shall contain ample accommodations for the reception of this magnificent collection of books; as well as reading rooms for the comfort of the guests at the Hotel.

The Springs which are under the charge of a competent, scientific inspector, contain in their waters all the chemical substances necessary for the cure of diseases of the liver, lungs, heart, kidneys and brain, to say nothing of nervous diseases.



For years the Springs have been a favorite resort for the nobility and the highest classes among the middle class not only of this country but foreign countries as well. The physician—who is one of the most talented in his profession—contemplates making his residence at the Springs permanent in the near future, so that visitors will at all times be enabled to consult one whose experience of these waters, as well as his special attainments, make him worthy of all confidence.

An orchestra engaged especially for the Iron Springs from among the most talented musicians of the country, will delight the ear and give courage and hope to the heart of the delighted listener. The conductor of the orchestra—a gentleman widely known for his genius as a composer—will give in his pro-

grammes not only the noble works of the classic age but also whatever new and worthy each succeeding season affords. The



guests at the Springs are charged nothing for admission to these concerts.

Surrounding the Iron Springs there is a country noted for its gigantic peaks and awful precipices. The inhabitants—who are simple in their nature and of sturdy, upright ancestry—are used as guides by the guests of the Springs. They may be absolutely relied upon, not only for a knowledge of the paths, etc., through this remarkably picturesque though dangerous



country, but also for their native honesty and kindliness of purpose.



Games of all kinds can be freely indulged in, the management having made every arrangement to make the time pass pleasantly and profitably for the visitor to this health-giving resort.

SAD.

"So you are angry, dear Emily, because the Doctor ordered you to go to White Sulphur, and you wanted to go to Saratoga?"

"Yes, dear, and I have good cause to be. When I employ a physician the year round, he might surely arrange for some sickness or indisposition which would accomodate itself to my wishes."



DOCTOR :— "Do you leave us to-day? Have you lost anything by the treatment."

PATIENT :— "No, thank you, I've lost nothing. I came here with headache, that I still have ; with rheumatism, that I still have ; with dyspepsia, that I still have ; no, I have, I think, lost nothing."



DOCTOR :— "Your husband is worse. Have you given him anything to eat except what I ordered?"

WOMAN :— "He has had nothing except the chicken soup you ordered."

DOCTOR :— "How do you make your chicken soup?"

WOMAN :— "Just as every one does. A beef bone, some barley, and a little flour. He didn't seem to like it much."

TIMID LADY :— "Nothing is so horrible to me as sudden death."

LIEUTENANT :— "Yes, no doubt. We soldiers are used to it however."



"In the name of all that's wonderful what is the matter with you? You look like a last year's bird's nest."

"You see, the Doctor called me an ass last week and I demanded satisfaction, and he gave it to me."

"Is your remedy for deafness reliable?"

"I should think so. After you have used it for three months, the buzzing of a fly will sound like a Wagner overture."



Doctor, you charge me two dollars for a visit, and one dollar for an office prescription. Now times are hard and I must economize; so I thought we might arrange matters thus: for the office prescriptions, I will pay you, but your visits I will equalize by visiting you in return."

DOCTOR:—"How do you come on?"

PATIENT:—"Abominably—I hear very badly."

DOCTOR:—"I have told you so often you must leave off drinking brandy."

(14 days later.)

DOCTOR:—"Well how are you now?"



PATIENT:— "You needn't yell so loud Doctor! I have followed your advice, drink no brandy, and now I hear well."



(8 days later.)

PATIENT:— "What did you say, Doctor? I am deaf again."

DOCTOR:— "Probably you have been indulging in brandy again."

PATIENT:— "You are right, Doctor. All I heard wasn't worth a glass of brandy."

CALLER :—“Is Mrs. M. at home?”

SERVANT :—“She is bathing.”

CALLER :—“Ah, then I'll wait.”

(After half-hour.)

CALLER :—“Is your mistress almost ready, do you think?”

SERVANT :—“Oh! She will not be back until the first of October.”



MAN :— (entering an apothecary's shop) “Have you anything for the toothache.”

APOTHECARY :— “Oh yes! (permits the man to smell at a bottle of ammonia, which he does vigorously, and then falls to the floor as though struck by lightning After he has somewhat recovered from the shock, the apothecary says):

“How do you feel now? Pain is all gone, isn't it?”



MAN: —(dolefully) "It isn't I that have the pain, it is my wife at home."

An old and famous Boston physician one day engaged a new office boy. The boy had his head full of stories of bright boys and their rapid advance in the world, and at once concluded to "boom" his employer's business. What was the doctor's horror and despair, when he returned to his office, to find the ambitious boy standing on the sidewalk, distributing the doctor's cards, and personally urging the passers-by to call on the great doctor B.



“Why, neighbor, what are you about? What is that hog doing in your shop? You do not mean to turn your barber shop into a slaughter house?”

“I am teaching my apprentices how to use the razor and I permit them to practice the art on the hog.”

“A doctor should be a married man,” murmured Mrs. Smithers.

“Yes, and a married man should be a doctor,” grunted Mr. Smithers, as he carefully dropped the paregoric.

"Come quickly, Doctor, my son Abe has gone crazy."

"What makes you think that?"

"He ate some pork."

"Nothing else?"

"He kissed our gentile servant, Marie."

"Pooh! that doesn't make him crazy. Now if he had kissed the pork and eaten Marie, we might question his sanity."



A medical student was asked in a "quiz" one day, "What is the condition produced by the administration of large doses of quinine called?" The answer not being forthcoming one of his classmates began to prompt "Cinchonism, Cinchonism." The student on the rack cocked his ear, and when he thought he had heard correctly, answered with great confidence:

"Sinapism."



DOCTOR:—"Now, my friend, you may drink a glass of beer."

PATIENT:—"Every hour or every half-hour?"

SINECURE.

"Now that the doctor has forbidden me smoking, I am at a loss to know how I shall occupy myself in my important position in the Department."



Professor Hydrogen has pursued his chemical studies with such enthusiasm for so many years that the hair of his head is beginning to crystallize.

CUSTOMER :— (to the druggist) “Here are three prescriptions for my sick daughter ;—tell me which two of the three are nearly alike.”

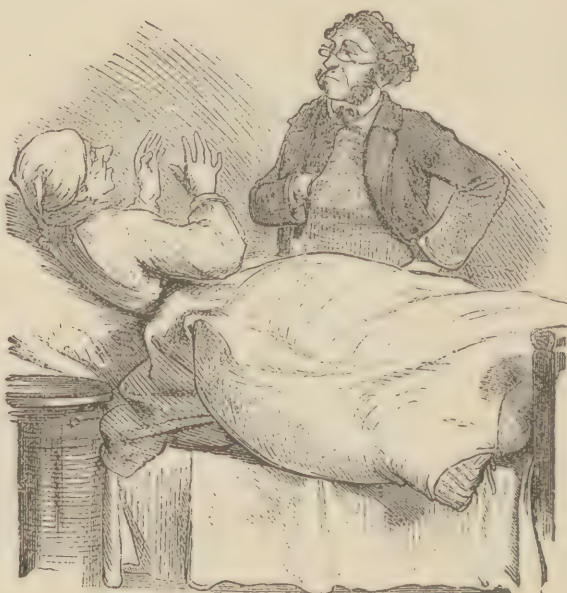
DRUGGIST :— (after reading prescriptions) “Dr. Robinson and Dr. Pike have written prescriptions very nearly identical. But in the name of sense, why did you have these three prescriptions from three physicians?”

CUSTOMER :— “I’ll tell you why ;—had I let the three doctors come at once, I would have been obliged to pay each five dollars, as a consultation fee ; but I was too sharp for that ;



so I called them separately, and paid each a dollar. Now put me up the strongest prescription of the three."





“Doctor, in Heaven’s name, tell me what is this which tears my body with pain.”

“It is acute gout.”

“A cute gout? Well, I think it anything but cute.”

A man never knows how easy it is to cure rheumatism until he gets a touch of it, and has a slight limp as he goes down the street. He will then find that every one he meets can tell him how to get rid of the disease in a remarkably short space of time.



DOCTOR : — “Now, my good woman, eat plenty of chicken and drink plenty of champagne, and you’ll be all right in a short time.”

PATIENT : — “Chicken! champagne! Doctor, please order me a little money.”

DOCTOR : — (to sick poet) “Tut! tut! tut! this will never do. You were getting along so nicely and here to-day I find you reading your ‘Poems.’ This must be stopped—you will certainly make yourself dangerously sick.”



Professor B. is engaged in his favorite studies in science when the lamp explodes with a great noise. Nanni, the servant, rushes to the door and inquires what has happened.

"The lamp has exploded," says the professor's wife.

"Is that all," cries Nanni, "The saints be praised! I thought the Professor had received a stroke of apoplexy."

A pert lawyer once said to a doctor, "Your mistakes are not discovered, doctor, they are safely buried."

"And yours," retorted the doctor, "are hung up out of the way."



“You must keep still! You jerk about in a terrible way. Does it hurt?”

“That depends on what you mean by ‘it.’ If ‘it’ is flaying, it doesn’t hurt much, but if ‘it’ is shaving, the process is very painful.”

DOCTOR:—“Why on earth did you not send for me long ago? Your husband is now at the the height of delirium.”

WIFE:—“It’s not my fault, Doctor. As long as my husband had his senses he would not hear of my sending for you.”



“Where on earth are you going with your sick wife. She looks very bad.”

“The doctor told me to air the bed, so I put her bed and all in the wagon and am giving her a turn of a few miles.”

RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Professor Syme, the celebrated Surgeon of Edinburgh, gave his students the following three rules which show much shrewdness as well as wisdom :

1st. “Never ask the same question twice.”

2d. “Never give your opinion as to the condition of a patient, especially if improvement has taken place, until you have first ascertained that your previous orders have been obeyed and your remedies used.”

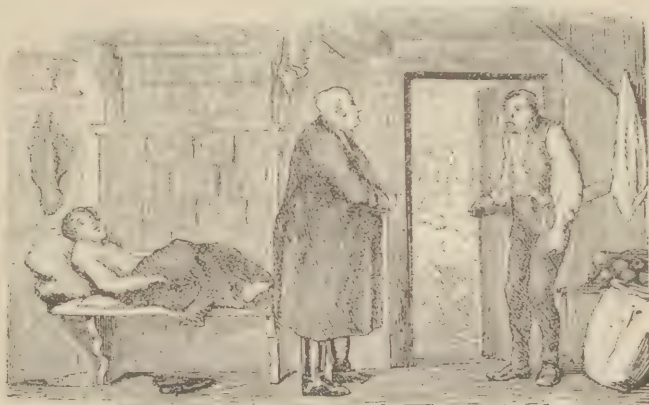
3rd. “Never be surprised at anything.”

PASTOR:—“Your boy is dangerously sick! Why don't you get the doctor?”

FARMER:—“A doctor! Bah! that's not necessary. He's young and his youth will pull him out.”

PASTOR:—“Why then did you make me come all this long, muddy way in such a hurry?”

FARMER:—“We have another one sick. My mother it is; here she is in this room.”



PASTOR:—“Then a doctor is surely necessary. Get one at once!”

FARMER:—“A doctor! of what use would that be? My mother is a very old woman and no doctor will ever bring her round again.”

“There is a pack county in Indiana where a doctor receives his pay in hoop-poles. A visit is worth forty hoop-poles.”



COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

DENTIST:— "You will continue to suffer great pain, but I am so busy that I can not attend to you until three weeks from to-morrow, at 9:30 A. M. Be sure and come punctually at the appointed time."



"Doctor, don't you know what my disease is?

"To tell the truth, I do not. We must wait patiently until the post mortem examination is made, when no doubt, we shall know definitely."

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.



“Heaven be praised, Doctor, you have come just in time. Help! Oh, help! His Royal Highness, you know, has the habit of putting every thing which comes into His Royal Highness’ hands into His Royal Highness’ mouth. Yesterday His Royal Highness was decorated with a new order, which His Royal Highness had the grace to desire to wear to-day and now His Royal Highness—oh, that my tongue were torn out that I have to tell such a thing—His Royal Highness has swallowed the decoration.”



Little Moritz is dangerously sick—his father in despair. Moritz recognizes no one, is apparently in a stupor. The doctor is seized with a bright idea. “Unhappy father,” he cries, “give me five silver dollars.” These the doctor clicks against the ear of the dying boy—a twitch—a start of pleasure—a sudden sitting up with a smile of ineffable pleasure illumining his face, and Moritz is saved.

“How I got this scar? I’ll tell you. Several years ago I was on my way to the cattle market at the city of M. I arrived at a little town near the city, and, as my face was very rough, I resolved to be shaved. I asked the innkeeper if there was a barber in the place. He said he would send me one, and in a short time there entered my room a long,

lean, spider-legged, lantern-jawed, spavined tailor, who declared himself the barber. My misgivings were strong, as I looked at the sickly, nervous wretch; but I rubbed my hand over my rough face, bethought me of the ridicule which my brother-in-law in the city would heap upon me if I appeared before his family looking thus, and with a cry of, "For God, my country and fireside," I took my seat upon the chair, or rather stool. The first achievement of the barber was to cut himself twice, while stopping the razor. Lathering he accomplished with the exception of a few mishaps, as dowsing the suds into my eyes and mouth. His first observation after he had elevated the razor over my face was, "I have had chills for ten years."



Think of my feelings! I gripped the chair with all my might—cry out I dare not, for that would run my face into the razor. The first slash of the razor was the last,—starting in the vicinity of my ear, he made a slanting sweep, which at

the beginning took only my skin, but as it reached the chin, swept off the piece which leaves this scar, and descending, took two buttons off my coat. Now was my time. Before he could again raise his instrument of destruction, I had hurled him through the door and his ice-cold lather after him. It took a surgeon and the innkeeper's wife to repair damages."



(Countryman to barbers's apprentice who has just drawn a tooth for him.)

"Ouch! Ouch! You've pulled the wrong one!"

"Never mind! I'll get the right one this time, hold still and



don't yell, or you'll wake the master, and then it will cost you two dollars."

The youthful scion of the house of Laohnson, Banker, has put his head into a honey-pot, from which it cannot be extricated. A surgeon is sent for at once. When he arrives the father in agony cries out, "Dear, good doctor, save my child! Sam, my boy, my angel. Save him if it costs half my fortune!"

"Nothing easier," says the surgeon quietly, "bring me a hammer."



"But stop! Doctor, stop!" screams the banker.

"Have no fear—I shall be careful—the boy will come to no harm," says the Doctor assuringly

"I don't mean that, Doctor—but couldn't you operate without breaking the pot—you see it is almost new."



PHYSICIAN, (to querulous lady). "Show me your tongue!"
(the lady does as required). "Now hold it so until I have
finished what I have to say!"

Sidney Smith, suffering from dyspepsia, consulted a prominent physician.

"You must take a walk on an empty stomach," was the physician's first injunction.

"Whose?" interrupted the wit.



(Physician who feels the weight of his calling)

“Twenty-five years of my life gone and nothing accomplished for poor mortality.”

VICTIM OF A POPULAR MEDICAL LECTURER.

PROFESSOR, (lecturing). “It happens not infrequently that diseases exist in the body for many years and we have no symptoms of them.”

(After the lecture.)

MOTHER:—“Why are you so depressed, dear Flora?”

FLORA:—“Ah, dear mother, I must soon die, I know it! I feel it! I have the consumption.”

MOTHER:—“Child, what put that idea into your head? You have never had any pain, any symptom.”



FLORA. (weeping.) "That's just it, mother—I have never had any symptoms—and — and — you remember what the Professor said to-night in his lecture."

OUT OF HIS JURISDICTION.

Frederick the Great was not only wise, but he was also very witty. On one occasion, a Catholic priest refused to allow an officer, who had not complied with all his religious duties, to be buried in consecrated ground. Frederick sent for the priest and asked him :—

"You say that the graveyard is consecrated?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"How far down does your consecration go?"

The priest somewhat puzzled, replied "five feet."

"All right then, that officer shall be buried six feet under ground. He will then be one foot outside your jurisdiction."

THE DOCTOR IS TO BLAME.



HUSBAND:—“Ha! Pshaw! Anna Maria, the boy gets worse every day; don’t you think we had better send for the Doctor?”

WIFE:—“Oh, bother! what do you want with the Doctor? Old Lizzie is coming this evening and she with her herbs will cure any Doctor that ever breathed. Doctor indeed! Humph!”

HUSBAND:—“Now, Lizzie, fourteen days have passed away and you promised to have the boy up and about in eight. Don’t you think we had better send for the Doctor?”

OLD LIZZIE:—“The Doctor! how can you be so stupid. Take your doctors to another market for me. If you have no trust in me, send for Old Mat, the shepherd,



he has cured the whole world with his sympathy cures."



HUSBAND. "Now, Mat, eight days have you been tom-fooling over the boy with your sympathy cure and nothing has come of it. I shall send for the Doctor, and you, Old Lizzie, and my wife may take your nonsense somewhere else."

MAT, THE SHEPHERD. "Do be sensible, my dear man. The barber will be along this afternoon; he promised me certainly to come, and if he can't help the boy no doctor can."



BARBER. "Well, I will bleed the boy a couple of times, but he is very weak and he won't bear it very well. I almost begin to believe it might be better to get the Doctor."

HUSBAND. "Wife, did you hear that? now, I shall send for the Doctor at once."

DOCTOR. "Yes, yes, my good people, matters have gone too far here. The boy can not live an hour. No human power can help him. Why did you not send for me long ago?"



I will give him something to ease his pain, but"—



WIFE. "Husband, you can say what you please, if we had not sent for the Doctor our Josie would now be alive. It's the Doctor's fault, he killed our poor boy."

When a person is sick the portion of the system most used, generally shows weakness first. An old married man thinks this is the reason a doctor invariably looks first at a woman's tongue when she is unwell.



"Doctor, those church bells excite my poor nerves so."
"Well, well, our art teaches us a way to do away with that."



“What are you doing, good people, is there some one dangerously sick in your house?”

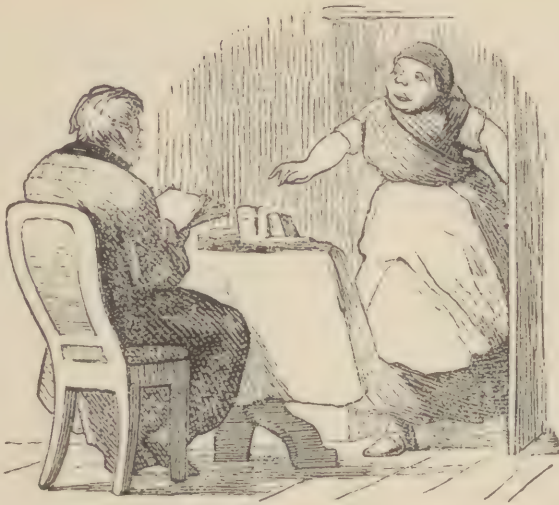
“Not that exactly, but our mistress has weak nerves and can not bear the church bells, so the Doctor has ordered us to scatter hay on the street to do away with the sound.”

An old physician turns over to a young physician a serious case, with the request that he be notified at the time the post-mortem should be held, so that he might attend it. After eight days have passed the two meet each other, when the

elder asks respectfully why he was not invited to witness the post-mortem examination. He is then told that the patient is up and about, at which he exclaims: "Then, young man, you did not treat the case properly."



"Trine, run quickly to the Doctor's. Tell him my wife has fallen in a fit of unconsciousness."



“ Doctor, come right away. My mistress has fallen into something, I don’t just know what ! ”

FOLLOWING THE DOCTOR’S DIRECTIONS.

PATIENT : — (to doctor) — “ I have a touch of malaria.”

PHYSICIAN : — “ Yes, sir.”

PATIENT : — “ I shall keep within doors for a week.”

PHYSICIAN : — “ Yes, sir.”

PATIENT : — “ I shall diet myself carefully.”

PHYSICIAN : — “ Yes, sir.”

PATIENT : — “ I shall take ten grains of quinine twice a day.”

PHYSICIAN : — “ Yes, sir.”

PATIENT : — “ How much is your bill ? ”

PHYSICIAN : — “ Two dollars.”

WONDERFUL CLIMATE.

A New Yorker said to a gentleman from the Lone Star State :—

“I am thinking of spending the winter in the South. Is Texas a healthy place? Is the air good?”

“Well, I should smile. You will get to be a hundred years old in almost no time down there in that climate. We have the most wonderful climate in the world.”



YOUNG LADY :—Do draw this tooth for me at once! I can stand the pain no longer. I would give anything if it were out.”

DENTIST :—(infatuated) “Give me but one sweet kiss and I will draw all your teeth.”

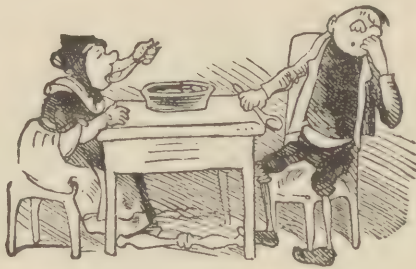


VICTIM:—"Hold a minute, I want to make a request of you."

BARBER:—"What is it?"

VICTIM:—"When I die I want you to shave me, you and no one else, because you see it would be an awful thing to be buried alive."

THE ACHING TOOTH.



A bit of bone within our food
Oft spoils a meal that's very good.



It happened so with Mr. Peak,
Who now holds dolefully his cheek.



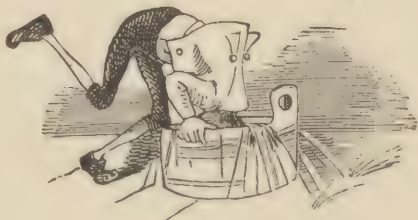
His peace is gone, his joy, forsooth,
He's bitten on his hollow tooth.



"Try smoke," says kindly, Mrs. Loud,
Peak, from his mouth, blows quite a cloud.



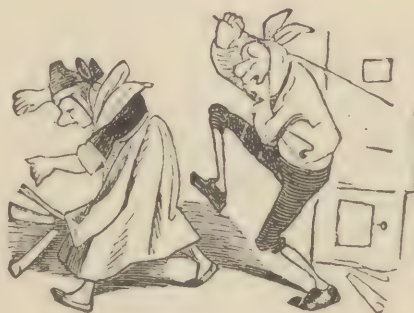
It pains him now so horribly,
He tries some good old rye whisky.



This failing, in his blinding wrath
He ducks his head in a cold bath.



The cold but makes the toothache worse,
He then tries heat, with many a curse.



No use! and in his rage he beat
His wife, who recommended heat.



A mustard plaster near his ear,
Did him but little good, I hear.



"If nothing else will do, I'll try
Sweating to ease this agony."



He sweats—the tooth gives him no rest,
He kicks the bed clothes from his breast.



He kicks his heels in empty air,
One hears him swear, then groan and swear.



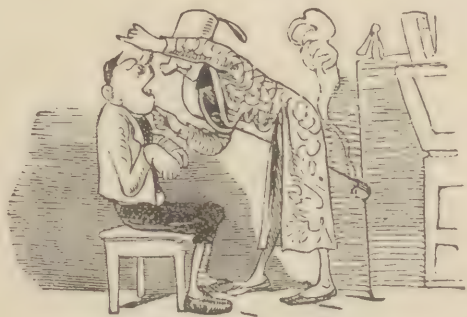
"If on the bed my pains increase,
Perhaps beneath it they will cease."



At last it strikes him like a blow,
He'd better to the doctor go.



The doctor lets him in apace,
"Why, what's the matter with your face?"



"Just let me look ! aha ! I see,
A tooth is carious certainly."



The doctor gently moves away,
Peak is anxious, I dare say.



The doctor smilingly returns,
Poor Peak is hot and cold by turns.



When the doctor showed the old "turnkey,"
Peak frightened was exceedingly.



The doctor quietly began,
The "turnkey" round the tooth he ran.



And without effort on his part,
Peak from the floor begins to start.



Then rick, cr-r-rack, crack in very sooth,
Here is the aggravating tooth.



With wonder and most joyous glee,
Peak feels withal in ecstasy.



The doctor then received the fee,
Which he deserved right royally.



And Peak, returning to the table;
To eat his supper feels quite able.

WHAT CAUSED IT.

BARBER : (to customer in chair.)—You're quite bald, sir.

CUSTOMER :—"Yep."

BARBER :—"Young man, too?"

CUSTOMER :—"Yep."

BARBER :—"Wear your hat too much?"

CUSTOMER :—"Nop."

BARBER :—"Run in the family?"

CUSTOMER :—"Nop."

BARBER :—"Roots of the hair diseased?"

CUSTOMER :—"Nop."

BARBER :—"Fever."

CUSTOMER :—"Nop."

BARBER :—"Er-wife?"

CUSTOMER :—"Nop."

BARBER : (desperately).—"What caused that baldness?"

CUSTOMER :—"Barber's Preventive."

WHAT A BABY CAN DO.

It can wear out a one-dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest-sized bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding house keeper in the city who "never take children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mama wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the adjoining room use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him in the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mama and papa are starting for the theatre it can wake up and stay awake until the last act.

These are some of the things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

THE SPECTACLES.

CHAPTER I.



Neresite seats* himself at table,
With an appetite quite able.



He fixes on the soup his gaze,
O'ercome with horror and amaze.



His spectacles are clear and strong,
They show to him a hair quite long.



"Humph!" says his wife, "a trifling matter,
'Tis not worth while to raise a clatter."



Filled with wrath, to cool his ire
He gets the rum, that liquid fire.



He drinks and drinks, and drinks again,
The sausage tempts him all in vain.



"My!" thinks his wife, "this is too much,"
And for the rum, she makes a clutch.



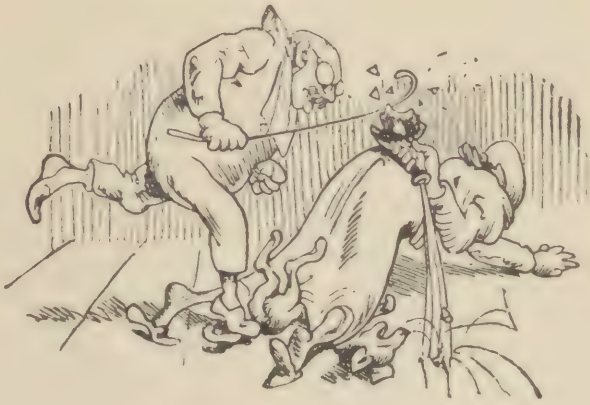
Neresite will stand no nonsense now--
"Put back that rum or there'll be a row."



And rushing to the corner quick,
He gets his crooked walking-stick.



His wife begins to flee, when lo !
The crooked stick has her in tow.



He deals a blow, when with a crash,
The bottle flies in bits ker-smash.



The woman feels her dander rise,
And makes a dash for Neresite's eyes.

CHAPTER II.



His spectacles she waves with glee,
Poor Neresite can no longer see.



He potters here, he stumbles there,
Grasps and strikes the empty air.



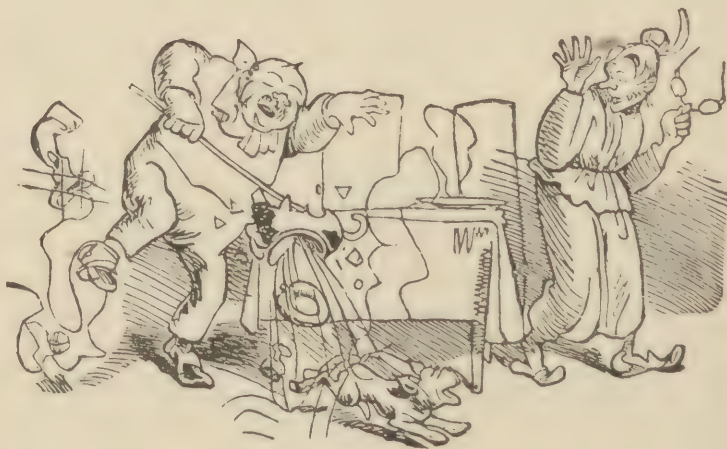
He moves about with many a growl,
Seizes the stove and raises a howl.



He turns himself about in haste,
His other end now gets a taste.



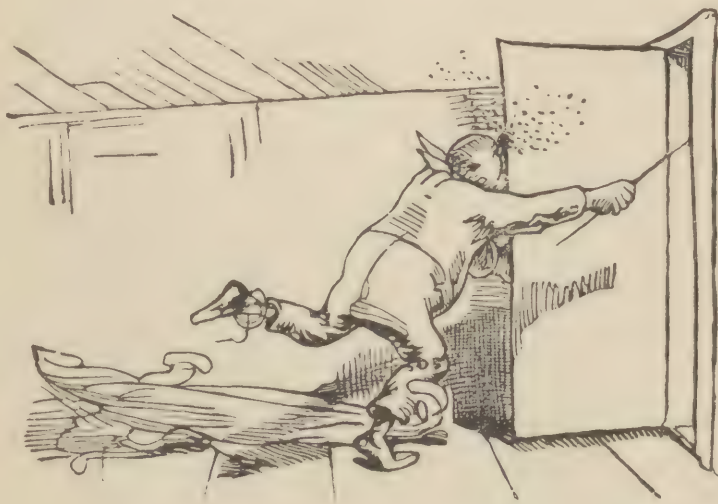
His anger rises high and higher,
He smashes all things in his ire.



The soup-bowl gets its proper share,
The dog receives a scalding scare.



The dog and woman fly apace,
He takes after, a clumsy race !



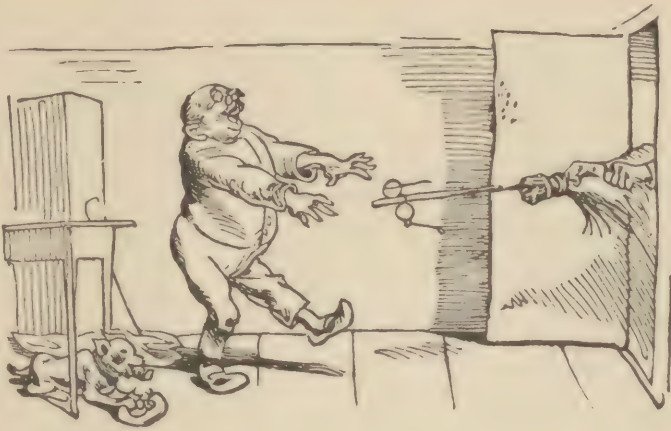
Madly he rushes with a roar
Against the sharp edge of the door.



The blood flows from his nose quite free,
Which cools his wrath exceedingly.



And with a gentle, modest mien,
Begging his "glasses" here is seen.



With thankful heart from off the stick,
He takes his spectacles right quick.



The woman stands with triumph crowned,
The sausage by the dog was found.

[The following extracts are from the "Life of Charles Lever," the celebrated novelist, who was a physician, but his brilliant mind led him into other ways.]

The late eminent Mr. Cusack, afterwards surgeon to the Queen, was the resident surgeon at Stevens' Hospital. On this personage many a characteristic trick was played by Lever. Like his co-novelist, Dickens, he was full of dramatic talent, and one morning absolutely succeeded in personating Cusack to the class. This freak will be found recorded with due dramatic effect in "O'Malley;" but the scene is laid at Trinity College, instead of the hospital, while in lieu of Lever, Frank Webber plays the prank; and Doctor Mooney takes the place of Surgeon Cusack.

Two of the students present on this occasion, and who have since attained high rank in the profession, have kindly committed to writing their recollections of the incident. We allude to Mr. Cullinan, F. R. C. S. I., J. P., Ennis; and Mr. Ridgeway, F. R. C. S. I., Oldcastle.

"The circumstances attending Lever's personation of Mr. Cusack were as follows," writes Dr. Cullinan: "Mr. Cusack used to sleep at the hospital when there were important cases under treatment, and particularly after the performance of capital operations. When he entered the hospital at night the porter would ring a bell to announce his arrival, and the resident pupils used to muster to see such cases as Mr. Cusack thought it necessary to visit. After making the usual round, Mr. Cusack directed his pupils to attend in his bedroom in the morning to be examined on a subject which he then specified. On the morning referred to I was going round the hospital at an early hour, and learned that Cusack had unexpectedly left during the night and had not returned. I met Lever on his way to Cusack's rooms, and told him he was not there, that he had left during the night, and we conspired together to have 'a lark.' Mr. Cusack's bedroom had

a double door, the inner (a baize door) was acted on by a 'dumb porter,' which creaked when the door was opened or closed. Lever went into Cusack's bed, wrapped himself up in the blankets, and put on the red silk nightcap of his chief. I remained in the room. 'The bell boomed'—to quote Lever's words—"the sounds of feet were heard on the stairs, the door creaked, and gradually the room was filled with shivering students, some half asleep, and trying to rouse themselves into some approach to attention." Dr. Cullinan continues:

"K., one of the apprentices, came in; Lever, in an admirably disguised voice, asked, 'Who is that?' 'K., sir,' was the answer. The next to arrive was O'R. (who was always called by his Christian name, Gerald), and the usual question was asked, 'who is that?' The answer was 'Gerald, sir.'

"Others came in succession, and Lever, selecting the subjects for his mock examination, began. After a few queries, he asked, 'what is the next subject, Gerald?'

O'R. :—"Cancer, sir."

(Here a normal snore resounded from the bed.)

LEVER :—"Cancer, O'R.," (interrogatively).

O'R. :—"What about it, sir?"

LEVER :—"What about it yourself?" (giving a yawn as though he would dislocate his jaw.)

O'R. :—"Cancer, sir, is a malignant disease."

LEVER :—(after a few snores)—"Well?"

O'R. :—"Well, sir?"

LEVER :—"You are a stupid ass, O'R. What do *you* know about it, K?" (K. was not very brilliant, and spoke with a lisp.)

K. :—"Cancer, sir, affects the lower lip of males."

LEVER :—"What more? What color is it?"

K. :—"Wed, sir."

LEVER :—"Red?" (doubtingly.)

K. :—(prompted by me.)—"It is yellow, sir."

LEVER :—(still more doubtingly.)—"Yellow."

K. :—(after another prompt.)—"Bloo, sir."

"K. would probably have been led through all the colors of the spectrum before satisfying his preceptor as to the color of cancer, but Lever could preserve his gravity no longer, and starting up to the amazement of Gerald and K. and the glee of the others, flung his nightcap into K.'s face and jumped out of bed."

It is said that among the questions the sham Cusack asked was, "where's Lever?" and the party answered "Absent, sir." "Sorry for it. Lever is a man of first-rate capacity, and were he only to apply himself, I am not certain to what eminence his abilities might raise him."

"On another occasion Mr. Cusack was passing behind the back of T., one of his apprentices, an idle fellow and a fop. This person was sitting on a stool at a table with a 'subject' before him, and wore a fashionable cloak, with a mitred cape. The cloak and cape were very fantastical, and quite an unsuitable dress for a man occupied as T. was. Cusack looked at him contemptuously, and said, 'How can that fellow ever hope to get on?' Lever said, 'I don't agree with you; I call that the Cape of Good Hope,' pointing to T.'s cape."

"Knott and Tighe were two of Cusack's apprentices. Lever and I were sitting at lecture one day, Knott and Tighe being also present. I had a note-book in my hand, making mems. occasionally, while Lever was not paying much attention to the lecture. He surprised me by asking me to lend him my note-book, and on his returning it I found the following epigram :

"Knott said to Tighe, 'Can you tell why
Two different names we've got?'
Tighe said to Knott, 'You have forgot
I'm Tighe and you are Not.'"

Other stories might be told to show his light-hearted nature. While at Stevens', he would ramble in the Phoenix Park, and return circuitously by Kilmainham and Mount Browne. One evening, when accompanied by his brother John, and their genial little friend Alexander Spencer, their attention was drawn to a large cradle hewn out of stone and neatly chiselled, which hung in front of the Foundling Hospital. Whenever a deserted child found itself flung into this receptacle, a wire communicating with a bell immediately raised an alarm and brought assistance to the spot. On this particular occasion Mr. Spencer was suddenly seized by Lever and raised into the yawning crib; and it was not without roars of laughter—very characteristic of the man—that his tiny friend was at last extricated from his comical position by the janitors, who rushed forth upon hearing the tinkle of the bell.

"One day Professor Porter was about to deliver a lecture, to be illustrated with 'preparations.' One of Mr. Porter's pupils, who had been charged with providing and arranging the 'preparations,' had not arrived, and Mr. Porter was angry and impatient. He accosted some of the students who were waiting about, and Lever, looking into his eyes fixedly, said, 'I fear, Mr. Porter, you are getting *iritis*.' (inflammation of iris). Porter was a good deal startled, and exclaimed, 'Why do you think so?' Lever said, gravely, 'Your *pupils* are quite irregular, sir,' irregularity of the pupils being one of the prominent symptoms of *iritis*."

A physician of rare humor was brought into association with Lever at this time—Dr. Brennan, the well-known "wrestling doctor." His early acquaintance with Brennan transpires in a review of Croker's "Songs of Ireland." This review was written by Lever, who regretted that none of Brennan's pieces had been included in the volume.

"The last thing we heard from the Doctor," he writes,

"was one day we met him in Sackville Street, a short time before his death. A well-known Dublin shopkeeper, with his tawdry spouse, were passing at the moment, neither looking very remarkable for neatness or propriety. 'Look at K—and his wife,' he said, 'with the Liffey before their door, and their shop full of soap, and they're the dirtiest pair in Dublin.'"

"Brennan was a hard-tongued fellow," adds Lever, "but always witty. He called the well-known Mr. Ireland—from a certain laudatory tendency he indulged towards his own acts—'Erin-go-Brag.' " Observing of another practitioner not famed for free hospitality he said, "the cat would get the rheumatism any day in his kitchen grate."

That "doctors differ," was illustrated in every phase of Brennan's career—

Choose the grave you'd wish to be buried in
Before you send for Dr. Sheriden—

was his significant estimate of a brother M. D. ; and not less than fifty other doctors received hits as hard.

Goldsmith, one day said, "I prescribe only for my friends," and was playfully answered by Beauclerc, "Reserve your prescriptions for your enemies."

A HAPPY DEATH.

A negro living on Onion Creek came to Austin recently, and the following conversation occurred between him and a city friend :—

"How is Pete Jackson?"

"He is done dead."

"Yer don't tole me so. How did hit come about?"

"He died wid digesshun ob de lungs, but surrounded wid de bes' wishes ob de hull neighborhood."

VOCABULARY OF MEDICAL TERMS.

(SPECIMEN PAGES.)

ABDOMEN—the place where Paddy has the pain in his heart.

ABSINTHE—"the nectar of the Gods" for certain Frenchmen and their imitators. It is said "whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and certain it is that through absinthe they may work out their design. *Verb. sap.* stick to plain drinks *i. e.*, to plain mortal drinks, and let the mythological strong heads consume their nectar *ad. lib.*

AGUE—is "no great shakes" of a disease to cure if you note the number of "sure-cures" to be found in every malarious district; these cures ranging from a roast onion up to a barrel of quinine combined with a half barrel of arsenic.

ALCOHOL—a food according to some; a poison according to others; thus possibly illustrating the adage, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison." If a man has any doubt as to whether he should use alcoholic drinks or not, common sense would dictate that he act just as he would in the case of a doubtful fruit or herb, that is, let it alone; there'll be plenty to see that no waste results.

ASTHMA—a disease in which one has a terrible time to get one's breath. There is this consolation about it, that asthmatics they say never get the consumption. However when a man feels as if every breath would be his last, he may think that consumption might not be such a bad thing.

BABE—a small bit of humanity which is spoiled by the mother; experimented on by the father; pecked by the aunt; poked in the ribs by the spinster visitor; riled by the nurse; maltreated by the brother; investigated by the

sister ; smiled at by the minister ; dosed by the doctor, and still it pulls through—one time in three, “Bess its itsy tootsees.”

BLISTER—an interesting invention to divert the attention of a sufferer from an old pain to a new one, on the principle that a man can not suffer two severe aches at the same time, the greater swallowing the less, or the newer the older.

BILIOUS—is the condition of any one who is out of temper or whose fur is stroked the wrong way. There are thousands of pills and potions used in the treatment of such patients, but many cases remain incurable. The following prescription has been used with success :

Take of common sense	-	-	-	-	one pound.
of patience	-	-	-	-	half pound.
of good diet	-	-	-	-	a sufficient quantity.
of recreation	-	-	-	-	a few hours.
of sleep	-	-	-	-	a sufficient quantity.

Mix and take in varying doses as the case demands.

BOLUS—stands in relation to a pill as a four-hundred pound ball to a buckshot. Fortunately this instrument of destruction, like the catapult, has become antiquated.

CASTOR OIL—the little boy's best friend. The only time a boy has reason to doubt his mother's word is when she tells him how good it is, and he knows how good it isn't.

DEATH—the cure for all diseases, and yet a terror to us all, for the cure is worse than the disease, at least we all think so. Like the rent collector, death is always before us but we are never prepared for it

DENTIST—the legitimate descendant of that “mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat.” He is just too kind, and he often causes pain to cease by the quieting effect of his sympathetic smile. Utterly unselfish, he thinks nothing of doing all he can to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-man, and frequently takes his place

behind an individual much beneath him in worth. He clings to a friend with "hooks of steel," and no enemy can resist the iron grasp of his honest hand. Nothing can come between him and the object of his attentions. The poisoned fangs of slander have for him no terrors. All snags are made to disappear before the onflow of the river of his gentle goodness, and no stump can disfigure the flowery meadow of his noble character. His charge is a great one and he is equal to it.

DIET—will cure or kill any one. No doubt if people knew how to eat, they would not be far from knowing how to live. Strange to say, in this direction as in many others, humanity shows a sheepish tendency to imitation, and whenever a man who lives to a green old age tells how he did it, on bran, or oatmeal or sawdust pudding, the whole world must needs follow the same plan. There is about as much sense in it, as for one to believe that if he eats bird-seed as the birds do, he will be able to fly as the birds. Probably the best rule is to eat what agrees with your stomach, as the old maids say, and leave the bran and sawdust to those who know no better. Between dyspepsia and dieting man will be exterminated unless we are on the *qui vive*.

DINNER—an excellent remedy for many of the ills of flesh. It may be used as a sure cure in cases of melancholy, peevishness, stinginess, sore-headedness, avarice, cynicism and general cussedness. It is said that "he who sleeps dines," but few can be made to believe it, but to the sleepless the inverse of this can be offered as true, *i. e.*, "he who dines, sleeps." Poor dyspeptic! no wonder thou art sour, crabbed, mean and unfriendly, when we know thou can'st not partake of that sovereign remedy—a good dinner.

EARLY RISING—said to make people healthy and wealthy and wise, but strange to relate, the majority of the inhabitants

of this terrestrial globe are early risers, but very, very few are either healthy or wealthy or wise. Poor, weak, emaciated individuals turn out at an unseasonable hour in the morning; rush over the hills through the dew, feeling as the saying is, "like a last year's bird's nest," and imagine they are gaining health, when they would be better off taking "nature's sweet restorer" in a comfortable bed. Early rising is much like bathing, you must feel "good" after it or you get no good from it. In case of doubt stay in bed like that celebrated poet of nature, Thomson, who wrote glowing accounts of sunrise, in bed at eleven o'clock in the morning.

EELSKIN—a sure preventive for rheumatism to those who are never subject to the disease.

ELECTRICITY—will cure all diseases according to some and none according to others. The truth lies as usual between these extremes. It possesses two advantages for the physician: 1st, the patient will not attempt to take it himself as he does everything else. 2d, it can not be put up as a patent medicine.

EMETIC—a medicine which makes a man a ventriloquist in a few minutes, so that you can hear distinctly a voice from his stomach crying out "New York! New York!" Most persons prefer to learn ventriloquism the old way, even if it does take longer.

FAITH CURE—a process by means of which diseases are cured in the existence of which the patient only has faith.

KNIFE—often the best remedy, but usually the one left to the last or not used at all. People will dose themselves with all the vile mixtures of the fly-specked gallipots before they will submit to the clean, quiet, efficient work of the sharp-edged steel which often relieves pain quicker than opiates, and does its office in a way every man can see and understand. A man will lop off a withered branch which is disfiguring or spoiling a fine tree; he never thinks of

poulticing the tree, or greasing it, or sprinkling a powder on it, or drenching its roots with medicine ; but if he has a withered portion in his own body, or an eating and destroying growth, he can see no use in the knife, and firmly believes that medicine will remove the evil ; witness the cancer doctors and cancer cures !

LIVER—the organ which is supposed popularly to be most frequently diseased, but whose diseases have never been known to kill any one. If a man has consumption “Yes, it’s my liver gives me this cough. As soon as I get the bile started things will be O. K.” and he pounds his chest to show how ridiculous even the shadow of a suspicion of disease of the lungs would be in his case. If a man has a tumor as big as a bushel measure, he will be as sound as a dollar as soon as his liver is patched up. The liver is the scapegoat of the body and is flushed, slushed and slopped with medicine accordingly.

LUNGS—the organs which are healthy in every one. Never known to be diseased even in an individual whose ancestors to the fourth generation have died of pulmonary consumption, and who himself is in the last stage of the disease.

NURSE—an elderly lady who receives ten dollars a week and board, washing, etc. She is possessed of a powerful appetite, a fine taste in liquors, and can sleep at any time and in any position, not excepting the position in which an elephant sleeps, *i. e.* bolt upright. She invariably knows much more than the physician in attendance, and if the treatment does not accord with her matured views she will alter it or make additions thereto as she sees fit. Indeed so strongly has she the interest of the patient at heart that she will administer concoctions of her own without the knowledge of either patient or physician. She is what Paddy calls “a howly terror,” and is an absolute ruler in what she regards her own dominion.

PADS—liver pads, stomach pads, etc., will cure the organs over which they are applied, when a poultice laid on the roof of a house will draw the water out of the cellar.

PATHY—there are many “pathics” and every man who pays his money can take his choice—even some who do not pay have this privilege. Whichever “pathy” is used in a patient who recovers is of course the effective agent in his recovery, although as a matter of fact the “pathy” often stands in relation to the cure as the fly on the wheel to the revolution of the wheel. Still the fly believes in his powers, and so ought every practitioner of every “pathy.”

PHLEBOTOMY—a terrible word, but the thing itself is more terrible. We don't know much about it now but our grandfathers can tell us, aye, and show honorable scars resulting from their encounters with this monster. The word means a good old-fashioned bleeding. If you should have a tendency to forget this definition, think of the phrase “flea bite o'me,” only remember the flea in this case is a fully developed lancet.

PHRENOLOGY—this word is supposed to mean a great deal, but in the minds of most people it suggests but one thing, *i. e.* humbug.

PILLS—the small shot of the medical armamentarium ; still they have been known to do a great deal of execution. They are of various sizes, the smaller kinds being used for geese and the large sizes—although not very large actually—may, like the explosive balls used in elephant hunting, kill a donkey.

QUACK—a good doctor in the eyes of his patients, but an outrageous fraud nevertheless. Why he is called a quack nobody knows, for he can never be made to take water as all ducks do, although it must be acknowledged he usually gets on swimmingly. He is generally web-footed and has a prominent bill. To the ladies and children he is the

kindest, dearest, sweetest man in the world, and what he lacks in science he makes up in "gush." He comes high but we must have him even if it costs us our health or our lives.

STOMACH—a long suffering catch basin found in the human body. Like a sewer it may eventually be filled too full of filth; then it overflows and floods the house with nastiness. In this case much plumbing is necessary and finally comes the plumber's bill.

It is well for a physician to be good natured, good tempered and even jolly, but people should not make the mistake—alas! they often do—of believing that a "hail fellow well met" physician is necessarily a man who has confidence in himself by reason of the extent of his knowledge and experience. While a laughing doctor may be and often is a very scientific man, it does not follow that the converse is true. The sun may flash and glisten from a broad, deep river, but it may also flash from the smiling bosom of a puddle.

It is said that at a consultation of physicians sometime in the middle ages, the patient died while the physicians were disputing as to the etymology of the name of the disease. Physicians now-a-days are often charged with being unlearned in the classics, etc., but as between a man learned in the classics and ignorant of medicine, and one schooled in his profession and ignorant in other matters, even a sick man might make a choice. Still, culture improves the physician as age does good wine.

An old ignoramus of a backwoods doctor was called to give testimony in a case of poisoning. The attorney for the defense sized up the witness in a moment and thought to demonstrate the old fellow's ignorance by an excursion into other matters of medical lore than what directly concerned the case. Leaning back in his chair with an I-know-it-all-and-want-to-see-if-you-know-it manner, the attorney asked: "Doctor, do you know what Lobelia is?" "Sartin!" replied Esculap, "they is two kinds of lowbeely; they is lowbeely and highbeely. Now, ef you give a man lowbeely it works low, it purges him; ef you give him highbeely it works high, it pukes him." "Very good!" exclaimed the attorney, "now doctor, will you be kind enough to tell the jury how you would treat diarrhoea." "I'd give sand," was the reply given without a moment's hesitation and with a manner indicating absolute conviction. "Sand," echoed the lawyer who was playing his fish with great delight to himself, "and why would you give sand in a case of diarrhoea?"

"Well," said the doctor with an amiable smile, "you see squire, diaree comes from the inards, the bowels, bein too slick and because of this slickness everything a man eats slips right through, and he gits no good of his wittels. Now sand'll kind o' roughen the inards and the wittels stick, see?" The witness was permitted to step down, which he did with the consciousness of having imparted considerable enlightening knowledge.

"Gentlemen," said a celebrated medical lecturer to his class at the hospital, "speak out! tell me your diagnosis, no matter if you do make mistakes, that's what you're here for."

ENGLISH CORONER'S JURY.

CORONER :—Did you know the defendant?

WITNESS :—Who is he?

C :—Why, the dead man.

W :—Yes.

C :—Intimately?

W :—Werry.

C :—How often have you been in company with him?

W :—Only once.

C :—Do you call that intimately?

W :—Yes, for he were drunk and I were werry drunk, and that made us like two brothers.

C :—Who recognized the body?

W :—Jack Adams.

C :—How did he recognize him?

W :—By standing on the body to let the water run out.

C :—How did he know him?

W :—By his plush jacket?

C :—Any thing else?

W :—No, his face was so swelled his mother wouldn't ha' knowed him.

C :—Then how did *you* know him?

W :—'Cause I wasn't his mother. (Applause in the Court.)

C :—What do you consider the cause of his death?

W :—Drowning, in course.

C :—Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?

W :—Yes :

C :—How?

W :—We searched his pockets.

C :—I mean, did you try to bring him to?

W :—Yes, to the public house.

C :—I mean to *recover* him?

W :—No, we wasn't *told* to.

C :—Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?

W :—Yes, the whole village suspected him?

C :—Why?

W :—'Cause he alienated one of the squire's pigs.

C :—You misunderstand me, I allude to *mental* aberration.

W :—Some think *he was*.

C :—On what *grounds*?

W :—I believe they belonged to Squire Waters.

C :—Pshaw ! I mean was he *mad*?

W :—Sartenly he were.

C :—What, devoid of reason?

W :—Oh, he had no reason to drown hisself, as I know of.

C :—That will do, sir. (To the Jury.) Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence and will consider your verdict.

FOREMAN :—Your worship, we are all of one mind.

C :—Well, what *is* it?

F :—We don't mind what, we're agreeable to any your worship pleases.

C :—No gentlemen ; I have no right to dictate, you had better consult together.

F :—We have, your worship, before we came and we are all unanimous.

Shakspeare says, "there never was a philosopher who could stand the toothache," but Montaigne did something vastly greater ; he rode on horseback over a horrid road a long day's journey suffering the "torments of the damned" from stone, and all day his sweet smile, amiable talk, ready wit, covered and concealed his agony, and never by groan or murmur did his friends and attendants know what he endured.

HOW THE DOCTOR PROPOSED.

General Hunt's father was one of the homeliest men in Washington. He was a physician. After he had practiced his profession for a time he married a Miss Ringgold, one of the handsomest young ladies in Maryland. The following story of the marriage is told by an old Washingtonian :

"One time I was visiting General Jackson's family when he was an occupant of the White House. During my stay I was taken seriously ill, and the General called upon Doctor Hunt to attend me. When he came into my room where I was confined to my bed, President Jackson came with him. The two thought I was asleep, and not wishing to disturb me they sat before the fire and began a conversation. I heard the General say :

"'Hunt, how did you ever happen to marry Miss Ringgold?'

"'I'll tell you,' said the physician. 'When she was attending boarding-school her eyes were injured and she was blinded. I was called to prescribe for her. For some time I kept her eyes bandaged, and she finally recovered her sight, but she did not see me. About a year afterward we chanced to be together at a reception. She knew that I had previously attended her, and that evening she came to me, complained of suffering from a severe cold, and asked me to prescribe. I took from my pocket a blank prescription and wrote : 'Dr. Hunt ; to be taken immediately.'

"'She read it, and looked up, laughing.'

"'It's a bitter pill, doctor,' she said; 'and must be well gilded if I take it.'"

"Our engagement followed, and soon after our marriage occurred. I didn't have much gold to gild the medicine, but managed to make enough to keep her from starving."

A MERE SUGGESTION.

"Look here, waiter," called out a gentleman in an Austin restaurant.

"What is it, sir?"

"Here is a dead fly in my soup."

"So, I see. It seems to be quite dead."

"Well, by thunder, I want you to understand that I consider it an outrage."

"I am sorry, sir, but if you are opposed to eating dead animals, you should patronize one of the vegetarian restaurants."

There is a physician of large practice who charges twenty-five cents for a prescription, and each prescription contains at the least twenty-five ingredients, *i. e.*, a cent for each item. To good customers he will throw in an ingredient or so without extra charge.

Sidney Smith at a dinner table one day, heard a celebrated physician deploring the bad luck he had had at hunting.

"Why, we didn't get a bird," exclaimed the disappointed doctor.

"Why didn't you prescribe for them, doctor," mildly suggested the clerical wit.

Carrying a buckeye in your pocket will not cure hemorrhoids, nor will wearing a leather strap about the arm keep off the rheumatiz. This is official.



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